
A LEAVE OF ABSENCE
AND OTHER LEAVES
BY JOHN CALVIN GODDARD



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AND OTHER LEAVES





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BY

JOHN CALVIN GODDARD

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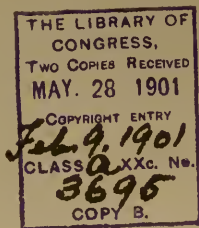
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DEDICATED TO
MISS MARY ELDRIDGE
OF NORFOLK, CONNECTICUT
IN GRATEFUL
REMEMBRANCE

"I am a part of all that I have met."

—TENNYSON, "*Ulysses*."

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I

THE LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP

BEFORE plunging into this ministerial volume, the reader is cautioned against mistaking it for a book of theological doctrine.

On the contrary, there is far too little of anything improving in it! Prior to grappling with this journey, the minister took off his coat (that Old Grimes-like coat, "all buttoned down before"), broke away from his white and other ties, and endeavored to pass as the average man without any adventitious aid from "the cloth." This does not mean, necessarily, that he fell from grace, that he did in Rome as the roamers do, nor that he disappointed the devout parishioner of his, who petitioned in prayer meeting that "our pastor might not lose his religion while absent from us." It means merely that he used his eyes and ears chiefly as a man, not as a minister, so that this book is not to be suspected of homilies in disguise, nor is it

written to be put under the pillow with Thomas à Kempis.

On the other hand, it does not aspire to be a guide-book, interfering with the sale of Bædeker, nor does it contain "footprints that, perhaps, another" might use in the amiable but impossible way suggested by Mr. Longfellow, licensed poet. No, it is simply a book of observations, such as any Connecticut Yankee might make in King Arthur's and other courts, originally written without thought of printer's glory, but as a matter of epistolary interest to friends at home. Hence, it contains not so much information as observation, ranging over a small field of fact and a wide one of comment, taken from the point of view of one whose angle of incidents is confessedly smaller than his angle of reflection.

They that go down to the sea in ships generally do so at their own risk and equally at their own expense. Even Jonah, we learn, "paid the fare thereof" without any mention of "clerical discount," which is the only thing related to his credit on the entire voyage. But the maker of this pilgrimage had not even *that* to his credit! Another hand than his signed the warrant, and all he had to do was to write on the back of it, after the manner of that simple-minded parson in his first banking experience, "I heartily endorse this check." His Church and Society generously gave him leave of absence, and a group of friends supplied "the supply." A

telephone was put in and cablegrams were sent out, to say nothing of countless messages that reached him by wireless telegraphy. A certain friend insured his life against accident, all unbeknown to the traveller, rating his age six years too low, and his weight six pounds too high, so that the one error off-set the other; and between that policy and Providence, he escaped the small-pox, pneumonia, and broken bones that carried off fourteen of the party immediately in advance of his. He was wonderfully favored in weather also, so that an umbrella purchased in Messina was never raised, another bought in Naples was used once, and all this in face of the fact that the party joining his at Athens had seventeen successive days of rain in "Sunny Italy." Other gifts and favors there were, not particularized here, but all indelibly printed on the memory. His career abroad was ably administered by The Bureau of University Travel, of Ithaca, N. Y., and much of his enjoyment, especially in art and history, was due to their scholarly and devoted representatives.

Finally, while it may be seen that the leaves contributing to this book have been gathered from Church Records and traveller's note-books, yet not the least contribution to its being was a certain generous "leave to print," without which it might have been born to blush unseen among the foliage of foreign correspondence.

With this fair understanding had in advance, the

A LEAVE OF ABSENCE

reader is invited to follow the narrator in his journey, cutting a swath through three continents, fourteen thousand miles long, and a foot and a half wide, "which is the measure of a man."

II

THE LOG

THE log of this good ship, the St. Louis, flying the American flag, begins with clearing the dock at 10 A. M. sharp, Wednesday, February 21, 1900 A. D., in which function we are assisted by a large detachment of Greater New York. "Eyes, look your last! Arms, take your last embrace!" That is what the bugle said, and everybody not bound for Europe goes down the gang-plank.

"All ready to cast off?" "Aye, aye, sir!"

"Hold there!" Here comes the inevitable woman, with three children in her wake, having big box, little box, band-box, and bundle, puffing, panting, scurrying aboard—the very last! Then we start for England, stern first: swing out into the North River, leaving a pier full of people waving the white flag of peace.

Everybody now seeks the steward who sorts the mail, for in one hour the pilot will leave the vessel,

and with him goes the last chance to acknowledge "steamer letters." The G box is full and immediately he deals me out a full hand. A slip of the pen? Not at all, my friend. A "full hand," is as old as the hills, forsooth the seven hills of Rome. Virgil in his finest passage begins with

"Manibus date lilia plenis."

So with a full hand, I repeat, he fills my own. There are twenty-two letters, four telegrams, and a receipt that calls for a basket of fruit and a box of "goodies." My feelings are those of Naomi, who said, "I went out full."

After steamer letters, the next proper thing is to scan the passenger list. Byron observed that fame consists in getting killed in battle and having your name spelled wrong in the newspapers. A part of this truth applies to all lists of printed names; they are usually possessed of the printer's devil. It was so with this one, and the writer's friends, if they had recognized the reference, might have thought that he was fleeing the country under an *alias*. With us are numbered a hundred and fifty ground and lofty tumblers, rough riders, gymnasts, contortionists, snake-charmers, and other performers, going over to join "The Greatest Show on Earth." These are kept in a cage by themselves, and do not eat at the first table. But they will not be lonesome. The

Atlantic will develop other tumblers and contortionists before the voyage is over.

We steam past the Statue of Liberty, past Sandy Hook and Scotland Lightship. Down there to the right is the Jersey coast. The historian will tell us that the companion to this ship, the *St. Paul*, once tried to run down the coast of New Jersey, being nineteen miles out of her reckoning. But New Jersey always was stubborn, as Lord Howe discovered as far back as Washington's time, and inconsiderately refused to get out of the way. So the good ship hung on a sand-bar for six days and nights, praying for a high tide, and not knowing the while whether she was born to be hung or to be drowned. But, as on another critical occasion, "the Lord sent a strong east wind.all that night," and by means of it the big vessel finally backed off into deep water. Moral: Beware the bar, whether it be off Barnegat, or nigh a Raines hotel.

And now the pilot clammers down the side of the vessel into his little yawl, the last link is broken that binds us to America, and we are on the high seas.

The next morning, the Birthday of the Father of his Country, is greeted with a wet sail and a flowing sea. Only one man at my table for breakfast, and he ate abstemiously. (If I were the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, I would remark on that last word, as containing all the vowels of the English

language, and in their order. Beware of it, not so much of the word, as of the idea of the word. Use the idea sparingly, and its companion in danger, "facetiously.") The deck presents much picturesque scenery, and all of it entirely visible to the naked eye. Good place to study human nature. All of a man's characteristics come out at sea, also other things. One passenger, a horseman, had drawn a position close to the rail. He explained that it was a favorite place with jockeys. Another man was discovered, looking as if he wanted something. Being asked what he wanted, he replied, "The earth." There was a commercial traveller, too, with a very accommodating spirit; he seemed willing to throw off ten per cent. The writer of the cvii Psalm had been to sea. His language is, "They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end."

But not everybody was at their wits' end. Some people had their wits very much about them, and made up a pool on the day's run. The greenhorns and land lubbers were all "at sea," in their calculation, forgetting that the day from noon to noon, going easterly, is nearly forty minutes short of twenty-four hours, and any calculation based on the last westward run of the vessel would be about eighty minutes astray. Now the last posted day's run of the vessel was in the 470s. So the bidding started at 440, and every number from that up to

459 was sold. The auctioneer looked hard at the writer, when bidding was active, as though I were a sporting character, but I fooled him! I confess to many faults, but am not

One of those who do not know beans,
And are easily told what they tell the marines.

There was a shrewd man in the far corner, who quietly waited until the money was all in the pool, and the choice of "high or low field" was auctioned off. He paid high for the choice, £14, and, to everybody's surprise, chose "low field." But he knew his ground, or rather his water, and, when the run turned out to be 436 knots, he took in £26, 14s, 6d, and twenty-four passengers besides.

The next day we ran into a hard easterly blow. There is much tintinnabulation of the bell. The one case that Edgar Allan Poe did not account for in his runic rhyme was that of the stewardess' bell. It rings importunately, impatiently, imperiously, impiously, and several other ways beginning with imp. Under the circumstances, I could but think of those feeling lines in Scott,

O woman, in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade—
But man, when he is ill at sea,
And thou art looking for a fee,
Can count on thee, my maid.

The ship has a fine library, uniformly bound in red leather, presented by the citizens of St. Louis. It looks paradoxical, however, to see the name of the steamer and her address printed on books and life boats as "St. Louis, N. Y." We usually write it "St. Louis, Mo." A fine pipe-organ is also on board, and music is enjoyed every night from nine until ten.

It is noteworthy how much motion there is to so large a vessel, whose length is put down at 554 feet. They have rigged ropes on the stairways to assist people up and down in their zigzag journeys. The tables have metal fences to enable passengers "to have and to hold" the dishes thereof, while the caraffe is held in place by a ring and clamp. Seamen distinguish two kinds of motion, the first a "teeter board" action, in which the bow and stern alternately rise and fall, this is called "pitching." The other motion is at cross purposes with the first, a pendulum action from side to side, and is called "rolling." The former is durable, the latter is unendurable.

A school of porpoises were seen this morning, playing leap-frog with the waves, and apparently racing with the boat. They would leap out of the water as gracefully as a fawn over a fern, and plunge into a breaker, only to leap out of it again into the next one. It was a cheerful and exhilarating sight, bringing a smile to all the "Palefaces."

Divine service was held in the cabin on Sunday. The Episcopal prayer-book was used, and service was read by a rector from Massachusetts. The organ was a great support, and the singing, which was hearty, was largely reinforced by a choir of table stewards. No sermon was preached, but all seemed to enjoy the worship of God in that unaccustomed sanctuary. "The sea is His, and He made it."

At last the sun! The invalids come out of their hiding places, thank God, and take courage. Sighted the "British King" off the starboard bow, though whether it refers to His Majesty William IV, deceased, or to Edward VII to be, does not appear. Shuffle-board and ring-toss are "on deck," literally and figuratively. Mild romances in progress also, cases where spectators see most of the game. Matches, they say, are made in heaven; occasionally also they are made at the level of the sea.

An American manufacturer, from Illinois, fell into conversation with me. He stated that he sold goods all over Europe and was accustomed to travel from Norway to Greece. Contrary to my supposition, he claimed that American machinery had a solid reputation in Europe for good wearing quality and for not easily getting out of order. Asking him how it was that we were able to compete with European cheap labor, he replied that a German manu-

facturer had recently asked him that very question, and he had returned the following answer: "It is by virtue of machinery that we do it. Your great vessel, *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, has a capacity of 30,000 horse-power. That is, the vessel requires the equivalent of a hundred and fifty thousand men to run it ten hours, a man's day. It would take 150,000 more to run it ten hours longer, and 60,000 more to make up the remaining four hours of the twenty-four. Total, 360,000 men to run the *Kaiser* from noon to noon. Now your great German army, great it is, could not supply men enough to run two such vessels a year. Machinery does it readily. Americans lack men, but they more than make up for it in machines." Moreover, my friend continued to me, "American operatives have what I call 'machine sense.' The understanding of machinery is second nature to them. A German will 'man' a loom with a girl. But in America I have seen one girl keep five such machines running, and with no more effort." I thought it a striking fact and illustration.

The last night out we had what the printed programme called A GRAND CONCERT in the cabin. (Every steamer now carries a printing press.) The programme included organ, cornet, and mandolin solos, recitations, songs, and a fancy dance by a little miss, who might better have been

abed at her tender age. The United States Commissioner, in charge of the American Exhibit at the Paris Exposition, was the Chairman, and made a felicitous speech on what he termed "The World's Peace Contest." The concert was in aid of the widows and orphans of sailors and disabled seamen. It closed with a verse each from "God Save the Queen," and "My Country 'tis of Thee." It does an American good to hear all those Parthians, Medes, Elamites, and dwellers in Mesopotamia, who have not a drop of New England blood in their veins, sing

"Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,"

in a roar loud enough to drown the engine!

Land ho! Sighted the Scilly Islands at four o'clock and threw up our hats! Everybody busy now in writing cablegrams, telegrams, letters and postals. Money is being changed and baggage is being checked. Stewards go about in a receptive mood, and the tip comes to the top. From New England to Old England is but a span on the map, but between the two is a great gulf fixed. May I be found in due season on the right side of it!

III

THE RAIL

AFTER the log the rail; after the cabin the cab; after three thousand miles of sea came fifteen hundred of land. To be exact, from Southampton, England, to Naples via London, with the exception of twenty-three miles across the Channel, stretches an iron "line," (they never say track or road over there), of fifteen hundred and forty miles. This I did in fifty-two hours of continuous travel. Every moment of that journey I was in suspense lest I should not catch the steamer out of Naples. The steamer, however, was caught and four days extra with it. I am reminded of the man who came flying down the dock, shouting all the way, "Hold on!" did not wait for the gang plank, but cleared the twelve feet of water with a spring, saying as he landed on the deck, "Well, I made it!" "Yes, you *did* make it," said the captain; "but this boat is not going out, it is just com-

ing in." It was with a like margin I "made it" at Naples.

On landing at Southampton, we were so glad, as the man said, "to get once more on *vice versa*," that we left the vessel with a cheer. Xenophon's army shouted, when they sighted the sea, and cried, "*Thalatta! thalatta!*" Ours was the same impulse, only it was the "reverse current." We ran the gauntlet of the custom-house, a mere form, and were soon among the hills and dales of England. "What a *well-groomed* country it is!" says Dr. Holmes in his "Hundred Days." Everything agricultural is as true and regular as the lines of a fort. The furrows look as if they had been run by a theodolite; the hedges are as well clipped as a Frenchman's beard. Every field is as clean of weeds as Broadway. The very roads are swept and garnished, and "the lion on your old stone gates" looks as if he had been wiped daily with a chamois skin.

It was a brilliant day in London when I passed through. The sun actually shone, and everybody was in good humor over the news from Africa, for Cronje had just surrendered. The Houses of Parliament, the Monument, the great hotels and parks, all smiled their best. Big Englishmen walked along, looking as if they could down the world, all brawn, brains, and backbone. The last frequently begins where the brains leave off, so that many an

Englishman has little or no neck, his coat collar making close connection with his hat.

I crossed "town" as quickly as possible, to catch a train out of Charing Cross, and soon we were whirling through the green fields of Kent, famous, as Mr. Jingle tells us, for "apples, cherries, hops and women." It is known, also, as the garden of England. Although it is too early for flowers, the grain is up and the grass shows finely. Oh those English lawns! "How do you ever produce such velvety grass?" asked an American. "Cut it twice a week for three hundred years," was the reply. At Dover we strike the sea and with it the most historic shores of England. It was here that the mariner, weedy and long, told the yarn of the Nancy Bell. A little to the west of us the battle of Hastings was fought, and England became Norman-dized. In this same county Augustin, the monk, landed twelve centuries ago, and began the work of foreign missions in England, an enterprize that has made both England and America the nations they are. Hereabouts, too, landed Julius Cæsar, six centuries earlier still, the bold islanders wading out into the sea to meet him.

The English Channel is not wide, it is not deep, but it will do. It does do a great many of the nobility and gentry of these parts. The Channel is only twenty-three miles wide at Dover, and although the

monopoly line at this crossing charges three-dollars more for the privilege of going the shorter distance, they get the bulk of the business. One soon discovers the reason! Such abject misery as most travellers display, for one hour and twenty minutes by the clock! This accounts for the periodic agitation of the project to tunnel the Channel. It is entirely feasible, but it has been voted down in Parliament, year after year, partly out of vague fear of Europe's stealing a submarine march on them some night, as Cyrus did on Babylon, and partly out of sentiment, lest it vitiate the insularity of the "right little, tight little island." Hence, to this day, the Englishman crosses the most natively depraved waters on the planet in the shakiest of craft, experiencing in its misery and effect upon his spirits, such blight as never was on sea or land.

One knows the difference between France and England right away. The laborer wears a blouse that looks neither male nor female, but as Tam O'Shanter would say, "a cutty sark." They seize your luggage *vi et armis* and refuse to listen to the best Connecticut French you have in stock. But I was successful in holding on to my belongings, passing the custom officer, tipping the guard, getting a luncheon, and finding the right place in the train, all in forty minutes. It takes eight hours to go from London to Paris by the fastest train. In

America one can go from New York to Buffalo, 444 miles, in the same time; but, then, one can cross the Hudson River with less trouble than the English Channel.

"When a man *travels*, his trouble begins." It begins with the French language. I do not refer, of course, to the favored soul who has taken the degree of A.M. (Accomplished Meanderer), who knows all the syntax of Europe and the idioms thereof, but to the ordinary two-talent man, who has been taught that peculiar brand known as Yale College French. To him the French of France is an unknown tongue. It is as full of stones as a sheep lot. Mr. Stanley was called by the natives, "*Bula Matari*," "Breaker of Stones." It may be that *he* can "on, Stanley, on," through the Congo of the French language, but no Yale graduate can do it. His primal difficulty is trying to recall, on the spur of the moment, "what *does* the lexicon say about the thing?" Does "*poser*" mean laying an egg, or laying a table-cloth, or is it some other kind of poser? In the Concord School of Philosophy, a lecturer once defined being as "the thingness of the here;" the trouble with your French vocabulary, when you want it, is that it has no definite being, neither thingness of the here nor hereness of the thing. There is a strange irrelevance, too, between the form your question finally takes and the unexpectedness

of the Frenchman's answer; it reminds you of that historic interchange of thought, "Do you like cheese?" "No, but my brother-in-law plays the German flute." Still there are compensations. As they say in Smith College, "It is a poor mule that can not kick both ways," and it is consolatory to think that they do not understand you any better than you do them.

My stay in Paris this time was confined to one hour and thirty-five minutes. I was met at the North Station by a friend who conducted me safely to the place of departure, through the gayeties and pitfalls for youth of this luxurious city. He placed me in the Italian Express, and left me to the roulette of fortune. Said fortune appointed me to a cab containing a young Belgian. After a meagre conversation in broken French, he composed his mind for sleep by opening a bulging bottle of Belgic liquor. Of this he partook several "fingers" at once, and continued the process in blocks of five through the night. His suspiration was terrific! It was said afterward that this first of March was the coldest night of the winter. I can believe it. Nevertheless, there was little provision made to expel the winter's flaw. There are no stoves or steam-pipes on the European car. A semblance of warmth is maintained by cans of hot water, which are dragged in with a clatter every fifty miles, and banged upon the

floor. They look something like a flattened milk can, and hold three gallons apiece. At various stations one can hire a pillow or a blanket for a franc, and these three sustain life, if not sleep and comfort, until the journey is over.

I awoke near the French frontier next morning, and found myself among snowy mountains and ice-bound lakes. Beauty everywhere! But it was cold as a glacier crevasse. At Modane we crossed the Italian frontier and boarded a "*restaurant wagon*," which is French for dining-car. Providence brought me *vis à vis* with a fine old English gentleman, one of the real old school, and I enjoyed *him* more even than the breakfast. He asked me some of those delicious questions, that only people in dense ignorance of America can ask. I did not tell him that we shot bear in the upper end of Manhattan Island, nor even that Dr. Parkhurst enjoyed hunting "the Tiger" in those preserves. I knew that *that* would stagger him. Nor did I say, as Eugene Field on a like occasion, "When I was first caught, I was living in a tree." But I did have occasion to inform him that American women were usually well informed, and could converse understandingly even with a British subject. Soon after breakfast we entered the Mons Cenis tunnel, or series of tunnels, requiring twenty-two minutes to make the passage. We catch glimpses of mountains, glaciers,

snow-drifts, waterfalls, valleys, embankments, in bewildering confusion, interspersed with blackness of darkness, marking the entrance to a tunnel. Then we go down, down, down. For the summit of the grade is more than five thousand feet above sea level. At length we reach the broad and fertile plains of Piedmont, "Foot of the Mountain." Here is Turin itself, and now we realize that we are in Italy.

In Italy one meets a new nature. The people show their excitability in high-strung voices, in rapid speech, in shrugs, grimaces, and gestures. They talk so much with their hands, and are so dependent upon them, that a hand-cuffed Italian would be dumb. They are an emotional race, and the Saxon looks on with amazement when he sees two able-bodied men kiss each other on the cheek, turning the other also. The least incident throws these Latin races into excitement; important news produces panic; a catastrophe in reality begets spontaneous combustion. If you see a throng of people on a street corner, all talking at once, and gesticulating violently, you need not jump at the conclusion that Italy has lost its boot, or that the dome of St. Peter's has fallen in. No, the whole case is that "Jacko, the donkey, has eaten up Mother Goose, her cabbage."

We flitted past Turin, past Genoa, where every American takes off his hat; past Pisa, where the

towers, like certain Christians, lean "as near to earth as they can be without falling;" then we passed another purgatorial night, five of us, in a space little larger than a dog kennel, "and so we went toward Rome." Yet I saw only five minutes of Rome on this occasion. It is chiefly connected in mind at this writing with a huge sandwich, which was the only thing I could buy, on the run between train and train, and ate with the relish of a fifteen hours' fast in the real Appian way. Every turn of the wheel thereafter brought us in view of classic places. On yonder road the Apostle Paul trudged as prisoner in company with the beloved physician. Over there stood the residence of Cicero. In that little city set upon a hill were born Juvenal and Thomas Aquinas. Every acre of this country has been told in verse or painted in color. At half-past one we rolled into Naples, and realize that the long, hard journey is happily ended.

On the whole, few Americans enjoy European methods of travel. There is no such opportunity to move about, visit with friends, open a window, procure a drink of water, or get light enough to read by, as in the United States. On certain rare occasions, when one wants privacy, he can secure it more easily in Europe, but all of the life, incident, panorama of the railway car is lost to him. There is no opportunity to watch the newly wedded pair, nor to

enjoy the usual pastimes of American travel. Instead of which, one has a cooped up, airless, and uncomfortable feeling, mingled with the glare of official eyes, suggesting the suspicion that you have "done something." Yes, it will do me good to get into "the Norfolk car," on the Harlem Railroad, some pleasant afternoon, and presently hear the cheery call of the conductor, "Tickets, please!"

IV

NAPLES

“**S**EE Naples and die,” runs the proverb, and here it was before me!

The entrance is not as impressive by land as by water, when in the latter case a vision bursts upon the traveller, for the sea and mountain are the glory of the city. But there is beauty still in abundance. The famous plain, one of the most fertile tracts of land in the known world, is teeming with vine and fruit tree, just budding into bloom. The city itself is swarming with life. The ordinary Italian character, Marion Crawford tells us, is tinged with a gentle melancholy. One perceives this in the faces of the handsome officers and in the graceful lines of many a noble dame. But the Neapolitan is lighthearted and gleeful. His street songs are full of life and “catchy” to a degree. Among the most beautiful of these is the “*Santa Lucia*.” Santa Lucia is the Billingsgate of Naples, but all that dirt, clamor, fish haggling and breach of the Third Com-

mandment is intermingled with the melody of Paradise.

One of the first things that struck me in Naples was a box with an angel on it, presented in the name of charity. I promptly cashed the request, and the black-robed figure promised to burn a candle for me at a holy shrine. I trust it was not a case of the light that failed. I had not gone far before I was honored with another request, and with several more before reaching the hotel. In fact, I here learned my first lesson in Eastern importunity, which increases toward the sun rising, according to the square of the distance. It is performed with the energy of Scipio and the perseverance of Bruce. Akin to these requests, are the numerous invitations to ride extended by the cabmen, who lie in wait for the strolling visitor. They call out incessantly, often at the distance of a block, "Reet! Reet!" By this they seem to mean "Ride! Ride!" and flatter themselves, just as we do in attempting Italian, that our accent and pronunciation are irreproachable. One of them persistently followed me for blocks, in spite of my remonstrance, until at length he rode off in dudgeon, expressing the pious hope, "May the devil fly away with you!"

The beauty of Naples is mainly in its situation. It is a case where God made the country; man made the town. The old town, not the new, is moth-

eaten, rusty, faded and crumbling. It calls for soap. It is all out of paint and putty. The streets need the man with a hoe; the walls need the man with a white-wash brush. The city is splendidly supplied with water, and commands at all times such a view from its curving shore as comes but once this side of the crystal sea. Old Vesuvius gives a tragic cast to the city, its cloud of smoke, like the skeleton at Roman feasts, being a perpetual *memento mori*. The people of Naples are born gamblers; everywhere the sign of the lottery is visible, and tickets can be procured at as low as two cents. The government manages the scheme, and it is conducted fairly. Perhaps we ought not to cast stones too severely at this evil, for Connecticut builded her Groton Monument by aid of a State lottery, and South Canaan Meeting House, among others, was erected by means of the same. The fathers eased their conscience in those "good old days" by quoting Solomon, "The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord." So the lottery continues to entrap the gay Neapolitans, while the government knows not how to forego the revenue thus raised. The shops of Naples atone for the dilapidation of the streets. They are full of attractive things, temptingly displayed in windows, which open upon the sidewalk. It is an ideal place for purchasing Santa Claus gifts. Naples has a reputation also for her

sweets, of which Neapolitan ice cream is but a sample. One rarely sees, even in Paris, such artistically delicious and bewilderingly fascinating cakes, jellies, fruits and candies. " 'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat! " A walk through her thoroughfares imposes a severe strain upon the Tenth Commandment.

It was in Naples that I made my first try in photography. The initial attempt was signalized by neglecting to turn off the shutter. Ministers are said to have a weakness that way, that is, in not readily turning off the shutter. Still, " Success does not consist in making no mistakes," says Mr. Billings, " but in not making the same mistake twice." Thereafter I did better and " snapped " many an interesting scene and person. In Santa Lucia I hired the privilege of taking an old woman with babe in arms for three cents. But the terms of the contract leaked out, whereupon they swarmed upon me from all quarters, offering job lots in babes, old women, cripples, plain and fancy, at three cents, two cents, one cent, two for a cent—the market was soon glutted.

It was here, also, I fell in with a choice party of travellers from Boston, under escort of a Yale professor. " We pine for kindred natures to mingle with our own." But we never pine so much for this compound as when we are admiring something

alone. Once I broke over an impassible barrier and addressed an Englishman without introduction; it was at Dresden, in the little room of the Sistine Madonna, the occasion being my absolute need of speaking to *somebody* as an outlet to pent-up feelings. But it was not a success! An Englishman's house is his castle, so is his reserve. However, now that I am on the subject, I wish to bear willing testimony to the fact that on this tour a marked change appeared in the bearing of the English traveller. He appeared far more affable and spontaneous than ever before. Others remarked this fact, and called my attention to it. It is partly due to the increased respect and good-will felt toward Americans, and partly to the great increase of travel brought about by Thomas Cook & Son, which has continentalized their insularity. To return to my companions, it was a rare pleasure to meet such a group and accompany them, as I did, to Cairo.

Two of us organized an expedition to Pompeii. One remarks, on arrival, the strange proximity of the railroad and the buried civilization, contrasts separated by eighteen centuries now brought together. The catastrophe occurred on the 24th of August, A.D. 79. It was probably attended with no great loss of life, as the first shower of ashes was but three feet deep. After an interval utilized in general escape, came a second shower of molten peb-

bles, "hail-stones and coals of fire." Few skeletons have been found, and few articles of value, indicating time for removal. Here and there the bread is in the oven, the trussed fowls are on the gridiron. The streets have deep ruts cut by chariot wheels. The shops have their signs still visible. The frescoed walls still bear testimony against a deadened sense of shame. They were evidently an out-of-door people, spending much time at the forum, theatre, and bath, not holding the Saxon belief, "there's no place like home." The dwellings are small and uncomfortable, according to our ideas; though, as in the house of Pansa (which one may see reproduced at Saratoga), there is great wealth and beauty. Wendell Phillips on "The Lost Arts," is eloquent and captivating. Gibbon's dictum that the time when this city was destroyed was, on the whole, the golden age of the race, is worthy of attention; but, for my part, the civilization and life of Pompeii offer little attraction. "Say not thou, what is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this." Pompeii is of great interest to the antiquarian, and brings back the past vividly, but every traveller is glad at heart to ride back to his comfortable hotel, face a Neapolitan *table d'hôte* and leave Pompeian arts and luxuries behind him.

V

THE MEDITERRANEAN

WE sailed out of the incomparably beautiful bay of Naples, late in the afternoon, on the Italian ship "*Indipendente*." Naples, more than New Orleans, is the Crescent City. Its arms encircle that lovely bay for miles. A commanding fortress crowns the height back of the city, and old Vesuvius, perpetually puffing his pipe, stands guard like a sentinel. Clouds added purple and gold to the scene, "and there is that great and wide sea, wherein are creeping things innumerable," lights and shadows creeping over its surface, little boats of singing sailors creeping at night-fall to port. We drank it all in and were thankful.

All that night we steamed down the western coast in a calm sea. We rose in comfortable time to see the vessel pass through the famous straits of Scylla and Charybdis. If Italy be considered a boot, then Sicily may stand for the football, both caught in the

act of making a goal from field. The narrow space between them makes the strait, illustrative of the difficulty, ancient and modern, of avoiding error on either side. The strait is full of tidal currents and whirlpools. In one of these the youth plunged for King Ferdinand's cup, and afterwards (once too often, alas!) for the princess' ring, as sung by Schiller in his ballad of "The Diver."

Messina, the chief of port of Sicily, is not far from the entrance to the strait, situate on an arm of land shaped like Cape Cod and known as "The Sickel." But the citizens are quite different from "Cape Cod Folks;" yes, teetotally so. Soap is dear apparently, in Messina, and in lieu of sand and gravel, they throw garbage upon the streets. The Selectmen say it comes cheaper, and enables them to run the town on a twelve mill tax. This is a great port for oranges, and the golden spheres are everywhere. There are oranges by the box, the hogshead and the thousand. After exhausting the narrow and gloomy streets, I climbed the hill and found myself "forninst" a certain villa surrounded by a high wall. A slip of a girl ran out of an alley and inquired something of me in an unknown tongue. Risking the chances against its being a proposal of marriage, I nodded "Yes." Whereupon she led me to a gate, and promptly held out her hand in true Italian style. I crossed her palm with a soldo

and was ushered into a delightful old garden. Another demoiselle came out with her knitting and showed me over the place; it was a bower of roses, an Arabia Felix of orange trees, and a Delectable Mountain of heavenly views. The city lay at our feet, the straits could be viewed through their entire length, the mountains of Calabria lay in front of us, and Sicily back of us, a wonderful and glorious scene. The maid loaded me with flowers and oranges and took the nickel coins I gave her with a proper courtesy. Then I was ferried back to the anchored ship, and became the object of envy to the entire cabin.

We steamed out of the harbor that afternoon still going toward the south. Our course traversed the waters sailed over by the Apostle Paul in his journey to Rome. Five miles from Messina we came to Rhegium, a port touched by his vessel after they had "fetched a compass from Syracuse." I took a snap-shot at this for St. Paul's sake. A few miles further on we came abreast of the toe of Italy's boot, a kind of Land's End, and I trained the camera on that also. We had been discussing the possibility of seeing old Ætna, which Hartford people would tell you was named after an insurance company in that city, the loftiest volcano in Europe, exceeding ten thousand feet, and one of the sights of the Mediterranean. But, to our great disappointment, the

air was hazy. *Ætna* was thirty miles away and an object only ten miles distant was scarcely visible. Many glasses were turned longingly in that direction, but, as if to intensify the difficulty, a long stratum of cloud hid the horizon. We were about leaving it in despair, when the cry was raised, "*Look above the clouds!*" And there, indeed, was the great mountain, towering over earth, sea and cloud, its snowy cone protruding majestically into the blue. It was a wonderful and rapturous surprise. In that same hour we learned a lesson. The Mountain was a schoolmaster to bring us to truth, the truth that the grandest things in life are often missed, because we look too low for them.

The sail up the Mediterranean can be, on occasion, one of the rarest of pleasures; but, as the sweetest things in life, when sour, become the sourest, so it is on this Middle-of-the-Earth Sea. I am now fully satisfied that the Mediterranean need not take back water in presence of any seas that be, in point of nausea-ability. Neptune seems to have summoned every one of his sea-dogs and cried "*Sick 'em!*" Our company has completely collapsed. I am almost ashamed to be so well myself, the feeling perhaps that a wooden-legged man might experience, if every other person in his company were suffering from corns. Our steamer has something to answer for in this instance. Sea-sickness is what

it is the world over, but the same on an Italian line can only be expressed in italics. This line was originally known as the "Florio and Rubbatino," but I hazard the conjecture that it sounded so much like "Floor-I-you and Rub-it-in-o" that they changed it to the "*Navigazione Generale Italiana*," which is more non-committal. Another feature of our voyage was the wind, which blew with a persistency that made us think of Jonah's and St. Paul's gales in these same waters. It was off the coast of Crete, which we could dimly see, that this Levanter struck us. St. Luke describes the same wind as coming down from Crete. The old version called it Euroclydon, the new calls it Euraquilo, our cabin called it a worse name than either. The explanation commonly given is that the cold air of the mountains makes a *vis a tergo* in the rear and the hot sands of Africa make a vacuum in front, of which the E. N. E. wind is not slow to avail itself. We learned also, why the writer of the "log" in Acts xxvii called the same wind "*tuphonikos*," typhoon-like. We were in the deepest part of the Mediterranean, and had plenty of water to drown in, say twelve thousand feet; one of the younger members felt sure we would take advantage of it. So the days dragged on wearily for the sick, times that tried men's souls, likewise their digestive apparatus. The voyage led some even to describe it in the same terms as the lad

did the sermon, "The beginning was pretty good, and so was the end, but it had too much middle." We tried to organize a daily religious service in the cabin, but were able to hold two only. The other days no one could navigate in safety from one part of the vessel to another. I suppose that this storminess was exceptional, for often the Mediterranean is a Lake Placid, its shores sapphire, its waters "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue." But the experience had its lesson; it put us in touch with the great apostle, and gave a vivid significance to the xxviith of Acts, said to be the most dramatic chapter in the Scripture.

On Sunday afternoon we sighted the pharos, or lighthouse, of Alexandria, and all at once we realize that we are in the old world, back in the Old Testament, on the other side of the flood.

VI

EGYPT

EGYPT is the land of mystery. Her appropriate emblem is the Sphinx, looking out upon the illimitable, asking questions that no man can answer. The very origin of the land is mysterious, a ribbon of verdure delimited by sand, a "palm-girt path of civilization walled in by two deserts."

Egypt is the gift of the Nile, it is all "made" land, as much so as the Back Bay of Boston. The annual overflow of the great river and its sources have furnished science with problems and bones of contention for ages. Not until our own generation has "The Battle of the Nile" over its own head-waters been decided. But the river is only the beginning of her mystery. There remain the pyramids, which after all these centuries continue to be classed among the Seven Wonders of the World. There are

Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

It is the land of the mummy, "the leathern Pharaoh grinning in the dark." It is the land of the triangle, beginning with the delta and ending with the apex of the pyramid. And all this mysteriousness is appropriately encompassed by the desert, silent, sombre, soulless, a "No Man's Land," the home of mirage.

Accordingly, one enters Egypt on the tip-toe of expectancy, and with a delightful sense of being let into a secret. It was at Alexandria that the light was first turned upon "Egyptian darkness." As soon as we entered the harbor, we were surrounded by a howling mob of boatmen, porters, "baggage smashers," and officials. They swarmed like cats, monkeys, locusts, up the side of the vessel, seized everything that could be handled, each claiming to be "the only, original Jacobs," the *one* man in port capable of putting us properly ashore. Our conductor at once engaged one man for the entire contract, and the latter rose to the occasion. He promptly laid about him with a rope, and succeeded, after gigantic effort, colossal profanity, and Sabbath-breaking extraordinary, in getting us and our belongings into our boats. The custom-house officer was a woman, who took our word for it that we had nothing dutiable, and promptly chalked every piece with an "M," which, after our superfluous trouble in getting there, was conjectured to stand

for "Much ado about nothing." It was then a joyous experience for all those storm-tossed passengers to drive to the Khedival Hotel, and lie down on a still and level surface. It was, "resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel."

Alexandria is a city with a past. Here fled many of the Jews after the destruction of Solomon's Temple, until they were estimated by Philo in his day at one million; here the Old Testament was translated into Greek, forming the version that was chiefly used by the Apostles and generally quoted in the New Testament. Great schools of learning flourished here, and the finest library of antiquity was gathered, only to suffer the fate of burning by order of Omar, an irreparable loss to scholarship. The fire of Alexandria always brings a chill to the heart of scholars. Here Cleopatra held her court and entertained Cæsar; as one has felicitously put it, "The Enchantress of the Nile captured the heart of the Conqueror of the world." It was probably a good place for ministers, too, along with other notabilia, for Apollos was reared here, described by his friend St. Luke as "an eloquent man and mighty in the Scriptures." On this account I drank in all the air I could, in hope of its being a homiletical tonic. It is a flat, unpromising enough city in these days, with "Ichabod" written over every part of it. It has been so burned, bombarded, bullied

and buncoed that Alexander *redivivus* would be liable to say to it now, as he did to the cowardly soldier who bore his name, "Either change your name or change your nature." However, it is still a port of importance (no levity intended), and Egypt could not do business without it.

In Alexandria I saw my first camel, that ship of the desert, that companion of the Arab, that bunchy, patchy, untidy creature, looking so picturesque in the chromo and so gawkyesque in the open air. He is patient, imperious, disdainful, self-centred. When his rations give out, it is said that he lives upon his own hillock of flesh; hence they say in the House of Eli Yale, when a man develops unsuspected energy, "He humps himself." He is uglier than Thersites, "the ugliest man who came to Troy;" the which he does not mind in the least. His gait is such, that the Arabs have a proverb, "There are fourteen different ways of being uncomfortable on top of a camel." I tried several of them myself before leaving the country. But we did not tarry long in Alexandria, the treasures of Egypt are higher up the river.

The next morning we steamed out of the city for Cairo. The road crosses the delta of the Nile, which has been compared to an open fan; at one corner Alexandria, while Cairo is the jewel set in the handle. Everything is green, and farming is

well advanced. The annual rise has not begun, but preparations are being made for its arrival. The fields are full of men, women, and children, with camels, donkeys, buffalo-looking oxen and cows that remind one of Pharaoh's kine, "very ill-favored and lean-fleshed." Their milking capacity I estimated at one pint to the herd. The houses were not very attractive, by reason of the thatched roofs, giving them a shock-headed appearance, not unlike a foot-ball player's dome of thought at the end of the first half. Here are the water-wheels turned by the "fellaheen," or sons of the soil. The latter are said to chant a monotonous song,

They beat us, they beat us;
They starve us, they starve us;
But there's some One above
Who will punish them well,
Who will punish them well.

This, however, is the song of the past. The condition of all Egyptian people is much ameliorated of late years.

Our railroad ran down beside one of the principal mouths of the Nile. There are two of them, bearing the pretty names of Rosetta and Damietta. We crossed each of them and thus made acquaintance with the great Father of Rivers. It is an impressive stream. It has ever exerted a strange spell upon the nations. The great length alone, four thousand

miles, would rank it among the three mighties of water highways. Upon it has floated the cradle of Moses and the barge of Cleopatra. A fellow traveler from Massachusetts put in my hands that day a volume, pointed to a paragraph and said, "That page alone is worth the price of the book." The gist of the paragraph was that the civilization of Egypt, which early made her the advance guard of the world, was drawn, like Moses himself, from the great river. The need of controlling its course and directing its current, it stated, taught them the science of land surveying and of hydraulics. The annual overflow obliterating all landmarks, led to the registering of lands and to teaching the sacredness of property. Disputes arising, led to the establishment of settled laws and the enforcement of judical decisions. The river is thus responsible for the foundation of social, legal, and political order. The Nile was to Egypt not alone the Father of Rivers, but the Mother of Arts. One sees the Nile to advantage from Cairo upward, a voyage that many take with picturesque delight. At my arrival the river was lower than usual, and many a boat up the river had been tied to the bank, waiting for the moving of the waters.

VII

CAIRO

CAIRO! That weird and fascinating city, the meeting point of two civilizations, two continents, two ages. The camel and the trolley in the same street! Ibrahim the sheikh and Jones the drummer cheek by jowl (N. B. In the above antithesis Ibrahim represents "by jowl.") At the grand hotels are throngs of Europeans in evening dress: out in the street other throngs dressed like the prodigal son. It is "show" enough to warrant an admission fee, just to sit on Shepherd's balcony and look out upon the street below. Such a moving panorama of all nations, such a kaleidoscope of five continents, such a Babel of all languages! You rub your eyes to make sure you are not dreaming, rub your ears to make certain of your hearing, rub some other spot to make sure of catching the wicked flea, which was just previously tangential to your surface. The latter is one of the institutions of the country, to be reckoned with in all itin-

eraries through the East, not lightly and unadvisedly to be dismissed with a wave of the hand. He is like Mr. Quilp's dog, "he lives on the right side of the street, but generally lurks upon the left." He is afraid of nothing and nobody. Like the war horse in Job, "He goeth on to meet the armed men; he mocketh at fear and is not affrighted." He scorneth the clenched fist, and at pennyroyal he "chortles in his joy." Everybody tries to look unconcerned in his presence, but few are able to keep the mask on for long. I was once treating my left side with furtive attrition, when a lady said to me with *empressement*, "I deeply sympathize!" It is said that one of Professor Maspero's slabs contains this inscription, deciphered by the Academy,

"A querulous old hippopotamus
Once to Nature made this plea,
Why don't you copper-bottom us,
Or kill the elusive flea?"

This is no fancy sketch. The flea is not a subject that can be skipped. It is one of the ten plagues of Egypt that live on to afflict our missionaries. Every one of them will tell you that it is part of their cross, which has to be endured, though never to be reconciled unto.

One of the first sights of Cairo is the Ghizeh Museum. It is full of mummies and tablets from

three to six thousand years old. One sees all the domestic life of the age of Moses, and "all the learning of the Egyptians," in which he was instructed, completely set forth. There are the pots and kettles, the needles and hair-pins of Uarda and other ancient females. He sees what Isaiah enumerates in the third chapter as "the bravery of their tinkling ornaments, their round tires like the moon, the tablets, and nose jewels, the wimples and the crisping pins." I had always wondered how the prophet came to be so conversant with the treasures of the toilet, but I now conjecture that he had simply looked over and listed some such cabinet as this. The scarabæus is greatly in evidence also in this collection. He is carved in stone, cut in cameo, sunk in a die, and withal is as multitudinous as he is ubiquitous. This beetle was anciently supposed to be capable of perpetuating himself, hence was chosen as the emblem of immortality. Accordingly the Egyptian lived with the scarab to the end of life and in death they were not divided. They share the same tomb unto this day. The mummy is always an interesting and impressive object. He illustrates the fundamental principle of Egyptian philosophy. All their lives long they were preparing to die. As Emerson says, "Their priesthood was a senate of undertakers; every rich man was a pyramidaire." To be well buried was more im-

portant in their eyes than to be well born. He regarded his tomb as his real home, and his dwelling house as an inn on the way to it. The art of embalming was carried to perfection in public institutions. But this did not prevent mistake then, any more than book-keeping does now. Occasionally they got the wrong tag on in the works, and sent home a female subject instead of a male. The mummy did not care, nor would it ever have been known on earth, if some modern professor had not discovered it. That is the weak spot in antiquarianism, it is always unearthing some shady secret that had much better stay buried. I once asked a gentleman, who had spent several hours over our church records, whether he had discovered anything of value concerning his ancestry. He replied, "Yes; I have found that one of them had been excommunicated for hard drinking, and another for profane swearing."

It brings a very strange feeling over one to look upon the features of those who have been entombed for millenniums.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
For thou wert dead and buried and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled.

Exceedingly striking was the face and figure of

Rameses II, father of the Princess who drew Moses from the water.

My party having great faith in a Yale education, requested me to translate some of the hieroglyphic inscriptions. Realizing that the reputation of the University was at stake, I complied with the request. The passage selected consisted of these figures cut in red granite.



It was clear to my mind that the above was part of a love-letter, addressed to the patron princess of Moses by an up-the-river prince, and meant:

“O Bird of Paradise!
I lie at thy feet like a dog.
Give me, I pray, thy royal heart,
And accept the gift of this golden comb.”

This may not have been satisfactory to the princess, but it was perfectly so to the ladies of our party.

A visit to the bazaars is also one of the features of Cairo. They are concentrated in certain narrow lanes and courts around Mooski Street. By narrow I mean five to seven feet wide. The shops are about as big as a sentry box, the merchant being squatted in front, on the look out for his prey. They are as hungry as wolves in Russia, and as persistent as the spider of Bruce. No traveller can resist the attraction of their wares, and, in spite of all previous experience in their over-reaching grasp, returns like the moth to the candle. The tour of the bazaars is usually made on donkey-back. There are fifty thousand of these little quadrupeds in Cairo and all of them "sporty." They are controlled by a donkey drivers' trust, a species of lads who are sharper than a Bowery boy and more philosophical than the *gamin* Gavroche. One of them took my measure at a glance, introducing himself as Mehemet Ali and his donkey, "the finest in Cairo," as "Yankee Doodoo." I expressed some misgivings lest an American and that beast of burden might experience stars and stripes between us, but he allayed my fears, induced me to mount, and forthwith drove the steed at a breakneck pace through the crowded quarters. I thought of my friend, a Presbyterian divine, who had been elected to fracture his collar bone donkey-wise, that very month of grace. I thought of an obituary I once read, "He met his

death at the hands of a horse." Also I thought of that Irish paragraph on a similar occasion, "He broke his neck, but otherwise sustained no injury." However, we were in for it, and I proposed to improve the shining hour. O but once we were off, it was a phantasmagoria of delight! Such crowded lanes and crooked alleys! Such bewildering places and motley folk! Such cries, imprecations, importunities and compulsions to come in! There was other excitement, too. Yankee Doodoo would dash into a seething mass of humanity, while I held my breath in expectation of colliding with some stately son of Abraham, and of instantly horizontalizing his perpendicularity. But just at the critical moment he managed to miss him by a hair, and my heart went back from my throat to its proper latitude and longitude. Here one sees the artizans exercising their trades in the little shops with rarest skill, despising all the inventions and labor-saving devices of to-day. For example, I saw men pulverizing spices, not with a New England mill, but with a stone pestle heavy as a hickory log and in a stone mortar big as a chopping block.

What have I not seen to-day? The prison where, they allege, Joseph was confined, a square well of a place, looking like the bottomless pit, great grooves in the stone coping, where the ropes for letting down prisoners and provisions had worn. I saw the

lane where the Mamelukes were massacred. Mamelukes mean "White Slaves," and were originally Circassian followers of the Caliphs, or "successors" of the Prophet. Their massacre was ordered in 1811 by Mehemet Ali, who invited them treacherously to a feast, and then had his minions set upon them in their trap. One only escaped, by leaping his horse over the parapet, a fearful leap, recalling the escape of Israel Putnam down Horse-Neck Hill. I saw the wonderful view of the City from its Citadel with its eight hundred mosques sending their minarets into the sky. I visited the mosque where thousands of young Mohammedans from all parts of the world are gathered to learn the "sum of human wisdom," the Koran; all studying aloud at once in groups of two to thirty, in ages from seven to forty, seated upon the ground, swaying back and forth to cudgel the memory, or beating the palm upon the breast, cramming the mind with wholesale doses of the one book, exercising no powers of reflection, comparison or deduction, "ever learning, but never coming to a knowledge of the Truth." I saw the men at prayer and I confess to at least one feeling of admiration for these followers of Islam. It is because they are not ashamed of their religion, make no pretence of putting it out of sight. If "open confession is good for the soul," then they have that much to their credit. I saw Bulaq, the

ancient port, with its strange shops and equally strange shopping ways. I saw funerals pass with the hired wailers in tow, as also the Koran chanters and the extollers of the virtues of the deceased; with them also the crowd of curiosity mongers and small boys eager to "see the show." I saw also the newer City which His Majesty, the Khedive, is slowly building up. He is an up-to-date admirer of the fine arts, and proposes to Parisianize his capital, if he can. He built an opera house some years ago, and engaged Verdi to compose and set upon the stage an opera, based on the ancient glories of his realm. The result was Aida, and the occasion marked one of the events of the musical world. I saw his famous runners that precede his carriage, bright colored in silken ribbons, each of them an Asahel "as light of foot as a wild roe." I saw also the advent of summer luxuries, to wit, strawberries and mosquitoes. The latter require no acquaintance with the Arabic tongue in order to be understood. Their voice is the voice of Egypt, but their sting is the sting of New Jersey. I saw also the Hon. Consul General for America and procured from him a passport, accurately describing my personal appearance; and once more I took oath upon the Bible to support the United States Constitution, for which privilege I paid the paltry sum of \$3.77½, and thought it cheap enough.

The most remarkable sight in Cairo is that of the pyramids. They lie just out of the City, at the end of a long and picturesque road, skirted by handsome trees. We drove by carriage; but think of it, one *can* go by trolley car! The pyramids are not as impressive at first glance as expected, producing the same effect as the first sight of St. Peter's in Rome, and for the same reason. The proportions are so fine that the sense of size is lost. But they grow upon you. As one looks up that vast stairway, higher than most cathedral towers, counts the steps, and gauges the masonry of a single course, he is prepared to believe that the largest one consumed the labor of a hundred thousand men for twenty years. Here are thirteen acres of solid masonry uprising to a vanishing point, and containing material enough to build a wall ten feet in height around all of France. They have been broken into for plunder, been despoiled for buildings in Cairo, but they still lift their grand triangles toward the stars. We ate our luncheon at the base of the largest, called the Pyramid of Cheops, and felt apologetic.

How insignificant are men in presence of these hoary sentinels! We thought of Napoleon, who exhorted his troops on yonder plain, that forty centuries looked down upon them. We thought of Moses as standing where we stood, looking out upon the same desert, and afterward writing, "For a

thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past."

We went to the Sphinx near by, and looked upon those calm Egyptian features. Was it the Sphinx St. John had in mind, when he wrote, "And the third beast had a face as a man?" It is a serene, unvexed, incommunicative face. It smiles winningly as if implying that the secret of life, whatever it is, does not end in tombs and wildernesses. I thought of Merson, who pictured the Virgin in the arms of the Sphinx, the Christ in the arms of both; as though finding the world's problem in the face of the one, Heaven's answer in the face of the Other.

Then we came back again, dogged by a horde of Arabs, who make of these mysteries their market place. We must ride the camel, must mount the pyramid, must barter for relics. They swore to each other's lies, "stood in" with each other on the same fake, conspired in the same ring for gulling us with the same tale, and all the while we knew that their arts were mere "springes to catch woodcock." One Arab did his best to induce me to wager a coin as to the time it would take him to mount the summit. I told him that he was a fraud and that I was no better. This retort was lost upon his pagan mind. Then he claimed to have been the original man that escorted Mark Twain to the top.

This, however, was immediately disputed by other liars and fabricators, under cover of which colloquy I escaped.

What is the meaning of the pyramid? Who can pluck out the heart of its mystery? Some regard them as astronomical apparatus, as evidenced by their exact orientation, and by the interior gallery pointing like a telescope toward the North Star. Dr. Piazza Smyth would have us regard them as temples of prophecy, and constructs a wondrous scheme of human destiny from their labyrinthine interior. But modern scholarship regards them as resurrection chambers, as tombs built to guard sacred dust from the overflow of the Nile, as well as from the obliteration by sand. This last factor accounts for their mathematical form. They are each the local habitation of some kingly form, and with the local habitation bear a name. The greatest one is called "The glorious;" another, "The firm and beautiful;" a third has the inviting name, "The cool;" while the most Easter-like of all is called "The rising soul." Probably all of them are more the monuments of royal pride than piety, even as one of this same kingly race inscribed his epitaph,

"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings,
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair."

After all, the question will occur to the traveller,

Was it worth while? Does not a single great railway or a city library add more to the sum of human happiness than a pyramid? Here are massed giant constructions, one of the Seven Wonders of the World, from Herodotus' day until ours. But wonder is not the greatest feeling of the heart, though Wordsworth wrote, "We live by admiration." Wonder is not placed by the inspired Apostle in the 13th of First Corinthians, among the three mighties of the soul. "All the world wondered after the beast," we are told; but it would be an inadequate and inferior statement to chronicle, if it were true, "All the world wondered after God." The Divine merits and invites from human hearts a greater homage than that. The wonder of the world may be a pyramid; the greatest thing in the world is love.

GETTING OUT OF EGYPT

I left Egypt, even as the Children of Israel before me, hurriedly. My bread was yet in the kneading trough, or more literally, my clothing was yet in the grasp of the laundry, when it became necessary to move on. The Egyptians did not press their ear-rings and other treasures upon me, but showed a robust solicitude for mine. "Bucksheesh" is the key that unlocks everything in the East. By it you get into temples, mosques, museums, gardens, pris-

ons, palaces and favors of every kind. By it you get out of scrapes, out of quarantine, out of your just deserts, out of purgatory even, for the system has been extended by thoughtful minds into the next world. Nobody is too high or too low for bucksheesh. It affects "the mighty man, and the man of war, the judge and the prophet, and the prudent, and the ancient, the captain of fifty." No man is too pompous or too pious to refuse it. Some people make it the first rule of oriental travel, "When in doubt, tip." It need not be in gold, not always in silver, but it is cheaper to do it in any coin than to do without it. The traveller has his misgivings, his grumblings, his shamefacedness, but he always ends by taking out his purse and performing an example in subtraction. So I carried at all times a plentiful supply of copper and nickel coins; it "made the wheels go round."

A vast crowd had assembled at the station, which was augmented by similar crowds at every succeeding station. For many a Gamaliel ben Hassan was departing for Mecca, and all of his kinsmen and the rest of the 8th Ward came down to see him off. The railway was a narrow gauge affair, and I had to "sit close," Arabs to the right hand, Arabs to the left hand. We were all hot, the Faithful and the Infidel alike, but I took it as coolly as any of them, knowing that they did not feel any worse

about my company than I did about theirs. Our route lay through the land of Goshen. It did not bear any resemblance to the "Cheese Town," of Litchfield County, but, for all that, it is counted still the pick of the country. It was so as far back as when Pharaoh said to Joseph, "in the best of the land make thy father and brethren to dwell." There are more water courses, principally artificial, and more trees than elsewhere, but it is a flat and unpicturesque country nevertheless. No allowance is made for refreshment by rail, and one has recourse to the Arab vendors, who crowd the windows at every platform. Little birds of the snipe family are exposed for sale, greasy, unclean, looking as if they had not been washed since they left the Nile. I concluded that a man, if he took any at all, should eat a cake of soap with each bird. Profound reflection, induced by hunger, led me to the conclusion that boiled eggs and oranges would probably be as free from dirt as anything on the *menu*, and I acted accordingly. It requires considerable courage to eat the things set before you at railway stations in Egypt, and ask no questions; yes, I may say a man cannot go through those parts at all without "sand."

At Tell el Kebir we pass the place where the English defeated Arabi in 1882, and noted the graves of the soldiers who fell in battle, all so well

kept. It is an out-of-the-way place, indeed, for a Yorkshireman to lay his bones. But war is never hampered by sentiment. I thought, too, as I looked on those quiet mounds, of Dr. Thomas Browne's statement in the *Urn Burial*, that to the dying man it makes no difference where they lay him—"Whether in St. Innocent's churchyard or in the sands of Egypt."

At Ismailia we strike the Suez Canal, and the great crowd of Mohammedans leave for the Red Sea, and the Tomb of the Prophet. We are now at the Isthmus, "the key of Egypt." Geologists tell us that the waters of the Red Sea and of the Mediterranean once fraternized, but it was long since, because, even in Herodotus' day, the neck of land was as wide as now. The famous canal is another illustration of the truth, "there is no new thing under the sun." The Pharaoh just before the Exodus had one; the Pharaoh that slew King Josiah had another. This one is the fourth or fifth of one sort or another that has married the two seas in the desert. The present scheme was advocated by Napoleon, a hundred and two years ago, and, no doubt, would have "gone through," if it had not been for an engineer's mistake in calculation. The higher mathematics and some other ics and isms are often well up in the air, and it would no more do to impeach their veracity than to commit the sin men-

tioned by Sidney Smith, that of speaking disrespectfully of the equator. But when mathematics and some other arts *do* go astray, they stick at nothing. It was once demonstrated in Yale College that an ocean steamer could never go more than ten knots an hour, for, so the theorem proved, the water would otherwise rise up in advance and operate against the prow as a stone wall. But some blunderer, who did not know any better, went and tried it, and thereby spoiled a fine algebraic theory. Now the expert employed by Napoleon calculated that the Red Sea was thirty-three feet below the level of the Mediterranean; the calculation was about thirty-two feet and eleven inches out of the way, but it was enough to delay the attempt for sixty years. In 1836 a young consular clerk was sent to Egypt by the French. He became interested in Napoleon's project, talked it up in season, out of season. By 1859, this young man, De Lesseps, was able to throw his first spade of sand to the sun. Twenty thousand men labored for months before machinery could be applied at all. At one time the expense of supplying these laborers with water alone exceeded \$1,600 per day. "Cheap as water," is a proverb that does not go in the East. In ten years they sank twenty-six feet and ninety-five million dollars. The canal, including the passage through the "Bitter Lakes," is just a hundred miles

long. It is lighted by electricity at night, so that passage can be made any hour in the twenty-four. It is handsomely coped with cut stone and is maintained in a thrifty, ship-shape manner. It creates a strange feeling in the beholder to see a great East Indiaman making a stately march across the desert on that Isthmian highway. The justification of that enormous expense is to be seen in this one item, it shortens the distance between London and Bombay by 5,500 miles, or forty-four per cent. of the entire voyage. The canal has a great bearing on our own project across the Isthmus of Panama. The engineering difficulties are much greater with us, for the Andes and the Rockies mingle their foot-hills on the Mexican Isthmus, while there are no hills at all on the Suez. But the necessities of commerce and of statesmanship are imperative: deep calleth unto deep across that American interval, and when the right Pathfinder has arisen, we of this generation shall sail through from sea to sea.

At seven-thirty we arrived at Port Said. The first difficulty with this place consists in pronouncing it. There is an Arab guttural in the centre of it, but passing that or swallowing it, the traveller learns that the word is dissyllabic, with accent on the last, so he says something like Sah-eed, and the secret is out. Port Said is a city of thirty thousand people to-day, living on a salt marsh, with a harbor that

is simply a "dug-out." They have built a rock pier a mile long into the sea to keep back the encroachment of the Nile mud from the West, and have reared a light-house which is one of the tallest in the world, whose light is visible for twenty-four miles. Everything is artificial at Port Said, the canal, the harbor, the town site, the society. The latter is made up of the riff-raff of all nations, with a dash of darkest Paris thrown in. But the town has a future, has its good with the bad, is already a formidable rival to Alexandria, and, who knows, may yet be one of the world's metropolises.

This was my last glimpse of Egypt. The traveller naturally looks back after his tour of a country, however brief, and sums up his impressions. First, it is a country that appeals to him from its immense antiquity. "Art is long," but never does it seem so long as in the Nile Valley. Next, it appeals to him as the home of Israel for four hundred years, the people who went down into Egypt a family, and came back a nation. A flat and monotonous country has little attraction to a New Englander, but it was in just such a country that the Netherlands grew up to be the race they are. Egypt has been a fountain of civilization in her day, and her day is not yet over. There is a promise concerning her that still bides its time. "In that day shall Israel be the third with Egypt and with Assyria, even a

blessing in the midst of the land; whom the Lord of Hosts shall bless, saying, Blessed be Egypt, my people." It is possible that the blessing is partly coming to a realization through the English occupancy. The Englishmen have in the East, what gardeners call "a growing hand," and everything is thrifty under their touch. The revenues are honestly collected and applied. The officials and soldiers have an alert and "dress parade" look, that is nowhere else observable. Christian England, too, has asserted itself in Egypt; I learned of some of the finest young men of Oxford and Cambridge, who had dedicated their lives to the uplifting of the blackest quarters in Cairo. No one can survey the beneficent effects of British rule in Egypt, that has begun to lift a bankrupt and discouraged nation to thriftiness, that is changing a turbulent and dissatisfied population into an aspiring manhood, without realizing that the cross of St. George has come somewhere in touch with the Cross of Jerusalem, and in this sign there is conquest.

VIII

JAFFA

IT took the Israelites forty years to get out of Egypt; it took us nine hours. The Mediterranean was calm, the moon bright, the night beautiful, so that few were willing to follow the example of the Prophet Jonah, in those same waters, who, "was gone down into the sides of the ship, and he lay and was fast asleep." The next morning the coast of Palestine lay before us, just as it appeared to Richard of the Lion-heart, to the Apostles, to Solomon's engineers in charge of the rafts floated down from Lebanon. It is a low, white-beached coast backed by distant hills. This is Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, and the only harbor known to the Jews in all their history. A short distance from the sandy beach is a line of rocks protruding from the sea, sheltering in a feeble way a small anchorage between them and the land. In a feeble way, I repeat, for the slightest wind lashes the whole expanse. Steamers always lie well out in the road-

stead, and frequently the surf makes it impossible to land passengers at all. The passage, when made, lies between two storm-beaten rocks, not twenty feet apart, through which the boatmen row, singing a refrain of "*Haley! haley!*" "Pull away! pull away!" To one of those rocks, the 'longshoremen say, Andromeda was chained, until rescued by Perseus. Jaffa is one of the oldest cities in the world, a city set upon a hill. It derives its name from "*japhah*," to shine, on account of its sunny appearance, and well does it fulfil the rôle this morning. A beautiful plain surrounds it, where grow those luscious Jaffa oranges, famous the world over. A basketful for a franc, basket and all! It makes the mouth water unto this day!

At Jaffa one has his first experience in Palestinian character. He early learns that he is in "the land of promise," and of promise only, of fair words spoken but not kept, of engagements that are allowed to run on, well, as long as the one chronicled at Bridgewater, Mass., between Captain Thomas Baxter and Miss Whitman, "a long and tedious courtship of forty-eight years, which they both sustained with uncommon fortitude." Yes, it requires similar fortitude and some other virtues to deal with the inhabitants of the land to-day. "This is a plenty patience country," said a Syrian servant to his master. It is a plenty dirty country, also; and, on the

principle that "shoemakers' children go barefoot," one of their chief industries is the making of soap.

This is the land of the dragoman. He is in a class by himself. He is like Elihu, the son of Barachel, the Buzite, "full of matter," little of which is reliable. He is a good illustration of the proverb, "It is better not to know so much, than to know so many things that ain't so." The queer part of it, too, is that he is full of apparently exact statements, told with a serious air, and dropping from his discourse incidentally, as it were, like the phrase in the lawyer's challenge to "meet me at sunrise in the four acre lot, be the same more or less." He tells you the greatest "whoppers" with a face like Samuel's. He will point to a granite rock, having two holes drilled in it, as though made for spokes to fit into, and say, "Do you see those holes? That is where the angel Gabriel ran his fingers in." He professes to be an antiquarian, but is no more similar to a real scholar than scalawag is to Scaliger. At first you resent his imposition of legends, fairy stories and pure lie, as being a reflection on your intelligence. After a while you are amused, give him free rein and let him gang his ain gait. My first experience with him was in Jaffa. There were *three* places pointed out as the house of Simon the tanner, but our drago conducted us to the one with whose owner he had probably made the best arrangement. Now, said house is nothing less than an old Moham-

medan chapel, possibly built over the traditional site, but not a stick or stone of the original could possibly be there. Yet he showed us the stair where Peter mounted, yea, the very place on the roof where he slept! And here I learned my first lesson in Turkish travel, namely, to take everything told you with a grain of Turk's Island salt. All the holy places are encrusted with legends, utterly puerile and bare-faced. All of them are surrounded with tawdry paper flowers, cheap chromos, tallow candles and the like, that do their best to dissipate the reverence and sentiment that should properly be associated with them. The traveller in Holy Land must rely upon his own knowledge of Scripture, upon reputable guide-books and trustworthy scholarship, otherwise his faith will be weakened, not fortified by his tour.

As I looked off from the roof of the alleged house of Simon, I asked myself, "What is there here that one *can* safely rest upon?" It is "hard by the sea" for one thing, and, for another, there is the Mediterranean itself, looking even as it did to the fast closing eyes of the Apostle, brown, gray, blue, green, purple, and all very good. That sea, washing the shores of the Gentiles, was the highway over which the gospel was to go, so soon as Peter had learned that nevermore were any sons of Adam to be counted common or unclean.

There is little to do in Joppa, but we did it con-

scientiously. We picked our way through the dogs and children carpeting the streets, dodged the camels and the beggars, and regaled ourselves with the orange and the orange blossom. We visited the mission-school kept by Miss Arnott, an English lady, and heard some familiar hymns sung in Syriac. I did not see the consul, bearing the singular name of Mr. Hardegg, but I saw his neighbor, who might be named Mr. Hardnut, and a good many of his relatives. Here is where Dorcas entered the kingdom of heaven through the eye of a needle, and I aver on the testimony of two writers and my own eyesight, that few places need a Dorcas Society more unto this day. After lunching at the hotel, we set our faces toward Jerusalem, fifty-four miles distant by railway. The line crosses first the Maritime Plain, or Philistia. It is a beautiful expanse, fair as a garden of the Lord, full of grain and orchards. It was into those grain fields that Samson turned the foxes with firebrands, and got himself disliked. We were fortunate enough to spy two foxes, more like jackals, reminding me, indeed, of the coyotes on our frontier. They were graceful creatures, and when the train drew near they ran like yellow flames of wild-fire. We soon began to climb, for we were in the Hill Country of Judea. In these defiles Saul came out after David, in a way that suggested to David the familiar sports of the camp, "to

hunt thy servant as a flea, or as a partridge upon the mountain." The railway winds in and out along the steep valley, but always climbing, for there are twenty-six hundred feet to mount before reaching the holy city. At sunset we stop half a mile short of the Jaffa gate, and realize that before us lies what is to millions of people below and to a great cloud of witnesses above, the most sacred spot on earth.

IX

JERUSALEM

THE Roman Army caught their first glimpse of the city from Mount Scopus on the north. The Crusaders approached it from the west, breaking into the tearful and enthusiastic cry, "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" The yearly pilgrims to the passover and the palm-bearers of Our Lord's triumphal entry approached it from the east, where the finest view of the city is obtained, as it bursts into view over the shoulder of the Hill of Olives. "It was a city," says Josephus, "from which the traveller turned away his eyes as from the sun at noonday;" a city of towers and palaces, as it were, of mingled gold and snow. A passion for his city ran in the Jew's blood. To love her was more than patriotism, it was religion. Tears mingled with his voice as he sang, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." It is a city that has passed through vicissitudes making the annals of others seem commonplace. Twenty-seven

times it has been besieged, seventeen times been desolated by conquerors; it has been razed to the ground, a new city with a new name, *Ælia Capitolina*, supplanted it, only to be again destroyed; it has been made unrecognizable to its own population, so that, if a Jew had come upon it, however well he had known it before, he would ask, "What place is this?" And yet, it has revived, has risen from its grave, no longer deserving of its ancient emblem, a woman seated upon the ground, but rather of one standing on her feet. Jerusalem! the beloved of David and of The Son of David, the ambition of Roman legions, the goal of Crusading Europe, the prey of desecrating Turks, the present raffle prize in the crafty game of a Sultan; on the surface of things, the sport of fate, beneath the surface, the never-forgotten of Providence.

With such emotions struggling in the soul the Christian enters Jerusalem. Now let me deliver a round unvarnished tale of his subsequent emotions. I did not lose my head through sentiment; I nearly lost my feet through slime. The prophet Jeremiah pronounced it a cage of unclean birds; it is the same to-day. The streets are slippery with filth and garbage, its many well-defined and several odors reminding one of Coleridge's arraignment of Cologne. Innumerable curs still go round about the city and make a noise like a dog. Water is scarce. A pla-

ard by your wash-basin reminds you of the same, adding, with an eye to economy, that it is so expensive that many people cannot afford to wash at all, which fact is easily corroborated by acquaintance with your fellow-townsmen. It is not only soapless, it is hopeless. It is given up to strife. It is the home of warring factions, living in separate parts of the city, under the general law that "the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans." The City of Peace is the City of Acrimony. Furthermore, a plague has fallen upon it against which there is no quarantine. Protestants, Catholics and Jews have lavishly contributed to the misery of Jerusalem, pauperizing it by misguided charity. Dr. Selah Merrill estimates that two-thirds of the fifty thousand inhabitants receive charitable aid in some form. The result is the blight of commercial enterprise. The city is not as large as one fancies, and as appears from views of it in print. To "walk round about Zion" would take only a good hour. Each side of the four, roughly speaking, would measure about as far as from Wanamaker's store to the upper end of Madison Square. I was prepared for certain repellent features of the city, such as rags, filth, beggary and discord, and had discounted them in advance. But nothing could permanently dislodge the ineradicable reverence attached to the place. Zion's "perfection of beauty" is, indeed, veiled. The

garden of the Lord—the boar out of the wood doth waste it. The lily work of the temple—they have broken down the carved work thereof with axes and hammers. Nevertheless, the devout mind always comes back to this, Jerusalem may have no present, but she has had a past, she will have a future.

One goes about the city on donkeys accompanied by a dragoman. The latter is useful in negotiating with the citizens, gate keepers, bucksheesh strikers and others, but is full of old wives' fables. The historical sense is lost in the East, and they seem never to have heard an address delivered by the author on Commencement Day, entitled "The decay of romance." For romance and romancing is in good healthy activity in every dragoman, guide and key-holder of my knowledge, from Dan to Beersheba. On this account many of the "show places" of the city are of great suspicion to the investigator.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, for instance, is of doubtful reverence to me. I value it mostly for the sake of the devout, but mistaken, souls who have worshipped there. Its very situation makes it impossible. It never could have been without the city walls, except upon the violent supposition that they made at this point a long re-entrant angle. But passing that, it is a place full of superstitious myths. Here they point you out the altar of Melchizedek, the chapel of Adam, the centre of the

earth, the altar of the Penitent Thief, and a score of other incredulities. All this is encompassed with chapels and churches of various sects, suggesting discord rather than unity. Yet it was this spot, erroneously located and full of errors, for which Europe fought madly with Asia in crusading fury.

The *Via Dolorosa* is another improbability. Not a stone or timber of the original way taken by our Lord can possibly be extant, and yet the *Via* is marked with "stations," each credited with full details.

The same applies to Bethlehem, six miles away, which I visited, on donkey back, with my kindly hearted dragoman. It is a pleasant journey, and the road is very suggestive of memories, though the legends told you make your incredulity rise to the top. That monument may or may not be the tomb of Rachel, you cannot tell. That well at the entrance of the city may or may not be the one for whose water David longed. The Grotto of the Nativity awakens your suspicions, though you enter sympathetically into the two rival services that are being held there in competing chapels on the spot. But other things you do receive and freely. There before you are the undoubted fields where Ruth gleaned and shepherds watched their flocks. There is the site, if not the buildings, where David lived and Christ was born. Bethlehem is still small, her

thrift is precariously dependent upon the carving of souvenirs in olive and pearl; it is not clean; it groans under Turkish rule; but, for all that, "Thou are not the least among the thousands of Judah."

But to return to Jerusalem itself, what is there, after all, that satisfies and repays the visitor? Let us ascend the Mount of Olives on the east, and like Our Lord, sit over against the city. There it lies before us in its noble expanse. The general features of it, told in psalm and prophecy, stand out. "Jerusalem is builded as a city that is *compact* together." It is one upon which the traveller comes suddenly, there are no suburbs. It is an *elevated* city, built on two hills, Zion to the west, Moriah to the east on which stood the Temple, and now stands its successor, the Mosque of Omar. Between them ran the Tyropœan or Cheesemakers' valley, now almost filled up and the wall carried across it. About it are hills, yet not as I expected, rising above the city, for, with the exception of Olivet, there is no land adjacent to Jerusalem higher than itself. "The mountains round about Jerusalem" can only refer to the Mountains of Moab, that loom up grandly across the Jordan, and look so surprisingly near. Jerusalem is also a *buried* city, heaps upon heaps, and graves within graves. The ancient city is twenty to thirty feet below the surface. It is a *venerable* city; if Josephus were right in calling its

age 2177 at its destruction by Titus (A.D. 70), then it is now 4007 years old. It is a *miscellaneous* city, with suggestions of Moslems, Crusaders, Romans, Christians and Jews all through it.

The first object that might strike an observer are the walls and foundations. It was so anciently, "Mark well her bulwarks;" it made part of the imagery of prophecy, "Thou shalt call her walls Salvation, and her gates Praise," while in Revelation that splendid list of foundations is enumerated, the first, jasper, the second, sapphire, the third, a chalcedony. The present walls are from ten to fifteen feet wide, and from twenty-five to forty high. In one place are a few massive substructions, and here on every Friday assemble the Jews, standing each in the shroud in which he will be buried, to wail over their fallen and desecrated capitol. The lament used is the pathetic language of Isaiah lxiv, and Psalm lxxix, "Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised Thee, is burned up with fire; and all our pleasant things are laid waste;" "We are become a reproach to our neighbors, a scorn and derision to them that are round about us."

As the most prominent feature of Jerusalem of old was the Temple, so its successor, the Mosque of Omar, is the most striking feature to-day. The site itself is the undoubted locality of the holy place of

old. It has had a great history. Here Abraham offered his son Isaac, here David reared the altar on the threshing-floor of Araunah, here Solomon wrought his miracle in stone, without sound of hammer. "Like some tall palm, the noiseless fabric grew." Here, too, was reared the second Temple, whose glory was to be greater than the former, because to it should suddenly come the Lord of the Temple. A shaft sunk by explorers on the east side has disclosed some of the foundations of Solomon, marked with the inscriptions of his Phenician architects. A surprising feature of this temple area is the dome of the original rock protruding above the surface, a mass sixty-five by forty-five feet in dimensions. Many are the conjectures of scholars as to this remarkable rock, perhaps the most reasonable being that it is the base of the old altar, left bare on purpose, because originally altars had to be erected without tools. Beneath it is a chamber thought to be for the disposal of the blood and refuse of the offerings. Beneath that again is a well, perhaps connected with the ablutions of the altar. This well illustrates Mohammedan legend perfectly. According to them, it is the opening into Hades, and was formerly used as a kind of post-office between the two worlds, until a certain widow of Jerusalem, brought so many tales from the dead to the living and *vice versa*, that she first involved the whole city in discord, and,

next, raised such a commotion in the world below that it was forthwith closed.

The Mount of Olives is one of the most attractive places of all. On it is Gethsemane, probably not the original site, but near it, which, by reason of its trees, shrubbery and quiet, easily suggests the garden where Jesus oft-times resorted with His disciples. Toward the east one sees the blue waters of the Dead Sea, astonishingly near, as if in the next township. Far below us it is, 3,700 feet below, the lowest water level on the surface of the earth. A Greek church and tower crown the summit of Olivet. Shepherds and flocks are to be found on the slope. The reverent mind pictures King David toiling up that summit, while Shimei, lurking near, is casting dust and stones; it pictures the vast Passover crowds from all over the world, spread out in tents on this and surrounding hills, like the sand that is by the sea-shore for abundance. It pictures the procession of palm-bearers winding over its shoulder and down through St. Stephen's gate at our feet. It pictures the smaller group that was led out later as far as Bethany, when the Leader was parted from them, and a cloud received Him out of their sight. It is the last spot on earth trodden by Our Lord. "Take thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

One beautiful Sabbath afternoon I went out to

the little knoll north of the city, that appealed to me as being the probable site of Calvary. Its position corresponds with all we know of that green hill far away without the city walls. The grottos below supply cavernous eyes that make the rounded hill resemble still more the place of a skull. Near by is a recently exhumed garden and rock-made tomb, the reputed garden of Joseph of Arimathea, which are quietly maintained in simple beauty by a devout English lady. I stood by the place of the cross and looked toward the city, which I suppose, our Saviour also faced. It was a noisy, squalid and pestilential city that I saw, still needing, and in large measure rejecting the Son of God. As it is still, even in its vileness, "beautiful for situation," so a few years of Christian rule might once more make it "the joy of the whole earth."

Unquestionably, as surely as the promises of God, this result will some day be brought about. A Voice will yet cry, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of God is risen upon thee." Then shall the Daughter of Zion awake, and put on her beautiful garments. But the vision tarries; they still wait for it; and meanwhile "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled."

X

CARMEL

THE usual route north from Jerusalem is through Samaria, and by camel, donkey, or horse. It is tent life, but no picnic. I did not make this overland journey, solely for lack of time, since I must push on and join a party in advance of me. So I returned to Jaffa by rail, and "took shipping" up the coast. We left the Holy City early in the morning, our train drawn by an American locomotive. The guard, or as we would say, brakeman, was an Arab, innocent of the English tongue. But we met each other on neutral territory, the French language, which he used in arabesque and I in picturesque style, both enjoying the effect. There was no Frenchman present to call us down, so we stood on the rear platform, admiring the scenery and guessing at each other's idioms with mutual satisfaction. The day was fair, and so were the flowers. The Maritime Plain was luxuriant in standing grain, and the orchards near Jaffa were

altars of incense. I am not surprised to learn that the scent of the oranges is borne out to sea, and is perceptible miles from the shore.

Our steamer proved to be the "*El Kahira*," of the Khedival Line. We had another exciting passage in boarding her, owing to the boatmen having a riot over every passenger, which is a custom of the country, and keeps life from being monotonous. It was a lovely night, and greatly did we enjoy the sail up the coast. We thought of Paul, of Richard the Lion-hearted, of Saladin the equally leonine, and of Napoleon, all of whom had passed over the same course. At ten o'clock we rounded the bold promontory of Carmel, and dropped anchor in the little harbor of Haifa, at the southern end of the Bay of Acre.

Haifa is the best harbor on the Palestinian coast. It nestles under Mount Carmel, which here boldly assails the sea with a mass of rock five hundred and fifty feet in height. It is not a Biblical city, but flourished during the Crusades. Here Richard Cœur de Lion lay sick of a fever for weeks, until the report reached England that he was dead. Above the town on the brow of the hill stands the Carmelite Monastery, which we visited next morning, and were regaled by the hospitable inmates. I examined the library, but its literature was so mediæval that I saw scarcely a single familiar book.

Near it is shown the cave where Elisha fed the prophets in hiding. In an ancient record Carmel is called "the Mount of a thousand caves." This monastery is the finest of its kind in Palestine. The monks claim that Elijah himself was the founder of the brotherhood; which complaisant belief I did not think it worth while to disturb. Within its walls Napoleon left his wounded in 1799; all were massacred by the Arabs; a strange place for butchery, this house of peace. The present town of Haifa is a thrifty place, due to the German colony of Templeites, who have settled there. Their stone houses, tree-lined roads, trim gardens, school-house, church, and other public buildings give an enterprising air to the place. The Templeites are a people who believe in the near coming of Our Lord, and hold that, preparatory to the event, a body of believers must be made ready for Him, as a house for an expected tenant, ready in life and practice. I opine that their name comes from the prophetic expression "The temple of the Lord are we." This is a doctrine that nobody will dispute, and all will commend; though whether it is necessary to go to Palestine in order to enforce it may be doubted. But here they are, three hundred of them, with others elsewhere, trying to establish themselves within easy communication of Jerusalem, so as to be ready when the hour comes, living a quiet, industri-

ous life, "providing things honest in the sight of all men." Our landlord was of the colony, and so were my next two hosts, at Nazareth and Tiberias. They reminded me of Quakers, and won my hearty respect. They have been thirty years in Haifa; the monks seven hundred. But the former have gained the regard of their neighbors and have blessed the country about them, bringing vehicles, good roads, and thrift, as the Carmelites never have. For true religion is not a dream upon a hill-top, it is a life in the valley.

A beautiful beach curves around from Haifa to Acre, twelve miles long, forming a miniature Bay of Naples. It is hard enough to drive upon, and the horses' hoofs not leave a dent. It is the home of the *murex*, from which was made the famous Tyrian purple in the city a few miles north of us on the coast, distinctly visible from the Carmel Monastery. The dye was extracted from a vessel in the fish's throat. It was this Our Lord referred to in the phrase, "fine linen and purple." Napoleon called Acre, "the key of Palestine." It has sustained fifteen sieges, and no similar area on the face of the earth has been so drenched with blood. When taken by the Saracens, sixty thousand people were put to death. Aceldama! It is now a city of nine thousand, and is fortified after Turkish notions, but a modern fleet could knock it to pieces in twenty

minutes. It was last bombarded in 1840, by Admiral Napier, and seems not to have recovered from the shock. The masonry of the walls and piers is in bad repair. An old Moslem took us through its narrow streets, amid the suspicious looks and scowls of Arab faces. An officious Turkish soldier forbade my taking a picture, perhaps afraid that I would give away the plan of their dilapidated old fortification, but, all the same, I got one on the sly. Then we drove back over the smooth beach, past the place, where, it is claimed, glass was first discovered by the kindling of a fire on the shore. All this is territory that never was owned by Israel. It was the Phœnicia of old, whence came the builders of Solomon's temple, whence came the woman who cried after Him. It is a long strip by the sea, a "shoe-string district," indeed, a few miles only in width, but filled with an ingenious, enterprising, Yankee-like race. One of the finest things I saw in all my travels came from this very district, a beautifully carved sarcophagus, now in the museum at Constantinople.

The next day we drove on to Nazareth, twenty-three miles. Our wagon was American built, driven by "Andreas," a famous linesman, second only to his father, who had driven the Kaiser a few months before, and received a decoration for the exploit. The Kaiser left a great impression on all

that country, as of a "Big Injun," indeed. It left an impression on Mr. Cook himself, so his agent told me, inasmuch as the Turkish government had contracted with him for the tour, and he had yet to see the color of their money. Our road lay along the base of Mt. Carmel for a while. It is a beautiful range and reminded me forcibly of the Taconic, only it is not now so well wooded. But, "the excellency of Carmel" was a proverbial phrase of old, alluding to its richness, and when Amos would paint the coming judgment he says, "the top of Carmel shall wither," as if one should say, "the leaves in Val-lombrosa shall cease." Carmel itself signifies "the vineyard of God," and, with its adjacent plain of Jezreel, was the very Eden of Canaan. A railway is building from Haifa to Damascus, skirting the Sea of Galilee, and we drove alongside of it for a distance. In six miles we came to the Kishon, here spanned by a handsome railway bridge of stone. It is the place "where the battle was fought," when Barak, "the Lightning Flash," fell upon the hosts of Sisera. Deborah was the Barbara Frietche of Israel; she could not lead an army, but she could inspire it; she "took up the flag that the men hauled down" and cheered them on. The place is miry; we had great difficulty in passing it, which very fact accounted in part for the rout of old. The nine hundred chariots on which Sisera relied were

mired, the stream rose in its bed "that ancient river, the river Kishon," and swept them away; then "the horse hoofs were broken by means of the prancings, the prancings of the mighty ones." A thunder-storm added to their discomfiture, and to the poetic imagination of Israel, "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera." This is the first of those great battles that have made this Plain of Jezreel or Esdraelon famous in all history.

This plain cuts like a wedge the great backbone of Canaan, extending from the Mediterranean nearly to the Sea of Galilee. It is flanked by two sentinels, Carmel on the west, and Tabor on the east. It took its name from the royal city of Jezreel, to which Elijah onceran before the rain in record-breaking time. It is very fertile, and, in Our Lord's day, contained two hundred villages. I dwell upon this plain, because it lay under the eyes of the Boy Christ, whose home was on the hills north of it. It was a great page of national history that lay thus open before Him, where were fought the battles of Barak and Gideon, of Saul and David, where Josiah also, the last of the good kings, met his death from Pharaoh Necho. It was here, too, that He went round about the villages in that "circle of the Gentiles," when the people that sat in darkness saw a great light. I thought of these things as we bowled along after our three horses abreast, or passed a long

AND OTHER LEAVES

train of camels, twenty strong, loaded with wheat for the sea. Every mile was eloquent with history. There was the place where Elijah held his sacrifice with multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision; and near it the hill where the priests of Baal met their fate. We picnicked in a fine oak grove, and at four o'clock drew into the town of Nazareth.

XI

NAZARETH

NAZARETH is surrounded by some of the most fertile soil in Palestine. It is here that Asher "dipped his foot in oil." According to the rabbis, it was easier to rear a grove of olives in Galilee than one child in Judea. The cost of living was also only a fifth of that in the southern district. It lies half-way between the two seas, the Mediterranean and Galilee, overlooking the great plain, and hemmed in by sightly hills. As I looked on the town from above, I noted that it was pear-shaped, with the principal buildings in the stem. It is not a clean place, much garbage being thrown into the streets. There is an altar dedicated to the Angel Gabriel in one of the churches, but if some of the offerings thereon were only dedicated to one of Waring's "white angels," it would be healthier for the place, and keep "the angel" busy besides. But Palestine, though full of dust,

seems never to have learned the ethics of the dust, the duty of being clean.

We visited the so-called holy places, and, I grieve to state, felt a certain suspicion mingled with repulsion for them all. All are surrounded by church walls of rival sects, and are replete with tawdry emblems and cheap chromos. If they would only leave such sacred places alone, or surround them with a low stone wall, it would greatly add to their sanctity. But we are dubious all the time of their genuineness, because of the rivalry existing between place and place, and because of the commercial spirit that shows in all their vested keepers.

What did I take satisfaction in? First, in the "Fountain of the Virgin." It is a flowing well in the midst of the city, resorted to at all hours, abundant, convenient. It seemed probable that Mary and her wondrous Son, might oft have resorted thither. The well, or fountain rather, is in a recess, arched over with stone of modern work, at a corner of two streets. I sat on a wall near by and watched the women and children gather there. They have long jars, which are balanced gracefully on the head, without support from the hands. I photographed several of them as they departed from the fountain. The women of Nazareth are reputed to be fairer than their sisters, a boon re-

ceived from the Virgin. Conder thinks their faces more Italian than Arabian in feature; I agree with him. The fountain is the most attractive spot in the city, and "meet me at the fountain" might easily be a local saying. But the shops are attractive, too; the trades are carried on with little variation from bygone ages. I watched the carpenter, the blacksmith, the leather worker, feeling that I was looking upon the artisanship of two thousand years ago. I saw a plough made, for example, that was of the same pattern used by Elisha, when Elijah found him with twelve yoke of oxen. The children, also, are interesting. I know not how many strains are mingled in the present stock, but I felt that I saw such faces as marked the companions of Him who there increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man. An English Orphanage is one of the features of the town. I heard their sweet young voices in the English church, which we attended. It was a happy thought to connect the improvement of their childhood with the advancing childhood of Christ.

The most impressive feature of all was the view from the hill back of the city. It is the finest in Palestine, and one of the most extensive I have ever seen. My mind associates it in extent and impressiveness with the view of Moses from Pisgah's height, and with the survey of Christ Himself when

“the Devil took Him up into an exceeding high mountain.” Certainly the eyes of the Boy Christ must have kindled, as they looked off from that commanding height. As a spectacle alone, it is wonderfully beautiful. On one side glistens the Mediterranean with its white ribbon of sand, on the other the Sea of Genessaret, harp-shaped, harp-inspiring. To the south stretches the lovely plain, rimmed by the hills of Samaria; to the north rises the snowy peak of Hermon. I wonder that more is not made of Hermon in the Scriptures. It is the most beautiful and conspicuous object in all the land. It rises like a vision from many a vantage ground, and the traveller’s utterances thereat are set with exclamation points. Yet it is not specially prominent in Israel’s poetry. “As the dew of Hermon,” is referred to, and the lxxxixth Psalm declares, “Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in Thy name.” But I should expect the Hebrew Poets to show an enthusiasm such as the Japanese have for Fujiyama, who make it a point of honor never to paint a picture without including their snow mountain. But while the view is fine as scenery, it is still finer as history. It must have stirred the heart of a patriotic boy to look around upon those battle-fields and grounds where history had been made. There is the place where Jonah was reared, and there the retreat of Endor’s witch; there the field where the fleece was

laid under the stars, and there the mountain where fell that father and son, who were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death were not divided. A hundred Old Testament memories greet the beholder, a hundred more connected with Our Lord Himself, the brow of the hill whence His countrymen would have cast Him headlong, the home of Zebedee, the mountain of Transfiguration, the cities where He did many of His mighty works, and on the opposite side of the map Tyre and Sidon, which, under similar privileges, would have repented in sackcloth and ashes. It was Sabbath morning, when I took that view, the mountain was delectable, the sordid Palestine of to-day was transfigured, and I said, "It is good to be here!"

XII

THE SEA OF GALILEE

THE following day we drove twenty miles further to the Sea of Galilee. We passed through the village of Cana, a wretched little place, needing more than six water pots of water for purification, and suggesting anything but the gayety of weddings. Cana offers a sad example of the commercial spirit that is eating the heart out of religion in Palestine. They used to be Orthodox Greeks, but, on discovering that they had a price in the market as a "holy place," they promptly accepted overtures elsewhere, and are now doing business under another sign. "Thrift, thrift, Horatio!" At Cana I saw on a door-step a child of two years old. I was in doubt of his ability to speak at all, but the doubt was set at rest as soon as he caught sight of me, by opening his mouth and saying, "Buck-sheesh!" Many of the children are very pretty, all are interesting, but it pains one to see how they are taught to be beggars from infancy. I photo-

graphed some of them; one little lad at the watering place was very shy and embarrassed, but we assured him we meant no bodily harm, and he finally surrendered to our lenticular gun.

This reminds me of an incident happening to a clerical friend of mine on Mount Ebal. It is not commonly ascended by tourists, but he climbed to the summit by an old faint trail. All went well until his return, when a Bedouin rose up out of the earth and made fierce signs in "your-money-or-your-life" way. My friend was alone, unarmed, distant from any possible assistance. The highwayman drew a long glittering knife, and visions of slaughter danced before the minister's eyes. What was to prevent his being murdered and left for dead upon the mountain? But an inspiration seized him. Quick as a flash he pulled out his field glasses and trained them on "Jack Sheppard." Evidently the latter's imagination, debauched by an evil conscience, pictured the instrument as some Maxim gun of the latest pattern, fearsome, grewsome, deathsome. He lost no time in throwing up his hands and crying "Yi! yi! yi!" which, being interpreted meant, "Don't shoot. I'll come down." Then the dominie made him throw down his weapon; after that made him get over the precipice and hang by his hands. Aye, the man of piety made him get over the brink *a little more* than was strictly

necessary, rubbing it in as a wholesome lesson; for this mountain was the very spot where the law was once read and the curses thereof were given particular emphasis. The man in wild-eyed terror kept his gaze fixed on "that shooting iron" and obeyed with meekness and respect. This story teacheth, first that, the world over, conscience doth make cowards of us all; next, that a man's five wits are often as good as a man's seven-shooter, although in a minority of two; lastly, that it is pretty hard at any time to make a minister hold-up. If he wants to, he *will* go on and nobody can stop him.

At one place on our journey we passed eleven camels. They shied at the unusual sight of three horses abreast, and the drivers held our Jehu responsible for it. A sharp altercation took place in Arabic, which is a language made for disputation. I thought they would certainly set upon him, which fracas would have involved the rest of us, but they contented themselves, at length, with the remark, "If it were not for the travellers with you, we would show you a thing." I am glad they did not show it. The flowers everywhere are in great profusion, a glorious sisterhood. Prominent among them are the bright scarlet poppies, more common even than ox-eyed daisies in New England. They are brilliant and graceful flowers, and are commonly considered the so-called "lilies of the field," which

outranked Solomon in glory. The road soon begins to descend, and ultimately leads the traveller to a region below sea level. It is a singular fact, to which Dr. Smith calls attention, that Christ spent the greater part of His ministry in a trench six hundred and eighty feet below the Mediterranean. It is as if He sought to reach a "submerged tenth." One goes from the temperate to the tropic zone in passing from Nazareth to Capernaum, from the city of His childhood to the city of His adoption.

The Lake of Gennesaret, or Sea of Galilee, or Sea of Tiberias, bursts upon one from the hill above Tiberias, and the vision stays with the beholder for life. It is a beautiful sheet of water, clear and lustrous. It is shaped like a harp, like a pear, like South America, but fairer than all combined. "The Lord hath made seven seas," said the Rabbis, "but He hath chosen Gennesaret for Himself." That is, as there was a chosen nation, and a chosen land, so there was a chosen sea. It is not large; bulk is not necessary to greatness. Twelve miles by eight, but it is enough. In Our Lord's time it was circled by a chain of cities and by an unbroken ring of buildings. Great roads flanked it. Beside it caravans and commerce ran their trunk lines. Now it is circled by the pebble and the reed; its beach is trodden by the lizard and the crane; its teeming thousands have gone over the hills and far away. There

are a few villages in place of the cities, the largest of these is Tiberias. "It is strange that a black-hearted Emperor, who never saw the lake should have left his name upon it," and there be no local trace of Him who taught by its beaches, walked upon its surface as upon a sea of glass, and called its finny tribes to the right side of the boat.

Our hotel was situated just within a quaint old Crusader's gate. Near by an English mission was established, making a brave fight against heathen odds. The village is strewn with stones, rubbish, children and dogs. The night was full of stars, the mind full of memories. An English party took occasion to sing,

"O Galilee, sweet Galilee,
Where Jesus loved so oft to be."

The next was a red-letter day. We took boats and sturdy boatmen, wearing the crimson shirts and emblems of the great Cook, and rowed to the upper end of the lake. We landed on the delta of the Jordan, a part of the Plain of Gennesaret, and the site of the ancient Bethsaida (one or two in number), so difficult to locate by the scholars. Far above us towered Mount Hermon with his snow-cap on. It is the snow on those mountains, present the year around, that accounts for the cold cyclonic blasts sweeping down the Jordan valley, and into that

tropic depression, which have ever rendered the lake so fitfully tempestuous. We landed at the mouth of the river and looked across the plain where the Five Thousand were fed. A group of Bedouins are living there now in comparative wretchedness, reminding one of Indians on the plains. They emerged from their tents, and several of the children and old women sat as models for our cameras. They were planting melon-seed in a scratched-up garden, but we were told that their diet consists mainly of fish and cucumbers. The Jordan was as wide as Broadway, and somewhat discolored from the melting snows. Nevertheless, its coolness did not prevent our dipping into the lake a few hours later. We had, indeed, a fine swim, and I was proud to follow in the foot-strokes of St. Peter. Our luncheon was enjoyed on a rocky shore near Tell Hum, the generally accepted site of Capernaum. There before us lay the steep place across the lake, where the swine ran violently down. To our right were the Horns of Hattin, where the Beatitudes were delivered. And all about us were the shores that re-echoed the voice of Him who spake as never man spake. Capernaum consists of a few broken columns close to the shore. It had been taken possession of quite recently by some priests, who were going to make a living out of it as a "holy place."

The Sea of Galilee grows upon one, the more it

is seen. The hills are vividly green, the waters vividly blue. Water-fowl are seen constantly upon its surface. The boatmen have variegated and graceful costumes. Camels, donkeys, and Bedouins picturesquely line its banks, while the ruins of places, whose doom was foretold by Our Saviour, bear silent testimony to Him. It must always have been a restful scene to look upon, even in the height of its activity, for its beauty is of the kind that does not excite, but calms the mind with sense of pleasure. The lake once teemed with fish, and every Israelite had the right of fishery. Two thousand craft sailed its waters in the time of Christ, making that guild of watermen from whom Our Lord drew His following. A great scholar has called attention to the fact that it was not from the discontented classes He called His associates, as David in the cave of Adullam, but from men of honest toil and of daily duties. All in all, the Sea of Galilee is the most satisfying place to me of all that are associated with the Son of the Blessed. There is less of sordid human meddlesomeness there than in any other part of Holy Land. The hills and the waters are there just as He saw them, untarnished by the touch of man. The heavens remain as they were when He spent the night on the mountain, their steady lights still mirrored

“ Like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.”

A LEAVE OF ABSENCE

The changeless scene commemorates the Unchangeable One, "Jesus Christ, the same, yesterday, and to-day, and forever."

XIII

FAREWELL TO HOLY LAND

WE turned our backs upon the harp-like sea with the reluctance of those who leave music behind them. Once more we ascended the hill and traversed the great plain. There were the Horns of Hattin, famous for the Sermon on the Mount and for the Waterloo of the Crusaders, "where a false Christianity met its judicial end within view of the scenes where Christ proclaimed the gospel of peace." Once more we were impressed with this battle-field of nations, and could see, what an English officer has asserted, that if another war should invade Palestine, the plain of Esdraelon would certainly be its theatre. Nor is it surprising that the Apostle John saw in it the symbolic arena of that final conflict, "God and Magog to the fray," as though the opposing forces were massed in front of the bordering city of Megiddo, "And he gathered them together into a place called in the Hebrew tongue, Armageddon." Yet it was all fair

and peaceful, as we saw it, containing nothing more warlike than the horns of grazing cattle, each land-owner seeming, for the moment, to have inherited the pastoral blessing, "to every one grass in the field."

While waiting for the steamer at Haifa, we drove down the coast and viewed the ruins of Athlit. This was the last castle held by the Crusaders in their temporary grasp of Holy Land. It was a massive ruin, full of arches, battlements, and towers. The banquet hall was a high vaulted chamber, a hundred and twenty feet by thirty-six. No doubt it had often resounded with the shouts of Richard and his Cross-wearing followers. Crusaders look well in oil and water colors, but they were a hard lot to the naked eye. Athlit is a castle by the sea, pounded by the waves on three sides of it. A beautiful beach flanks it, and we accepted the invitation of the Mediterranean to dash into its waves.

The Mediterranean is saltier than the Atlantic, by reason of the fact that its rainfall is less than half its evaporation. I was surprised to learn, too, that though there are all kinds of currents at Gibraltar, surface, bottom, mid-depth, and inshore, yet the prevailing flow is inward, not outward. Our guide warned us against sharks, but we had had so much experience with them by land that we did not fear them by sea. The most of a fish we could evoke

from the waters was a friendly porpoise, who swam in shore to learn how far Americans differed from Armenians.

That was our last glimpse of Canaan, the birth-place of the Bible, the land that above all others has given form and feature to its language. I was glad to sense something of David's meaning, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills; from whence cometh my help?" I was glad to tread softly the graves of patriarchs and prophets, and the paths that the place of His feet had made glorious. It is something of an incentive always to stand on the heights of history, or in valleys where sun and moon did also stand still. No American can be unmoved at Mount Vernon; no Christian be heartless in the place where Jesus went about doing good. But I am persuaded that Providence did not mean to have His followers make a fetich of Holy Land. The defeat of the Crusaders, who would have made a superstitious use of the Holy Sepulchre, was a gain to the cause of Christ; for His is a spiritual practice, not a sentimental enthusiasm. The worship of relics and the veneration of holy places approaches idolatry. My own belief is that the present obliteration of Biblical places, and the difficulties of identification, are Divinely ordered, lest the minds of His people should cling too much to "the mountain that might be touched," rather than to "the mountain

coming down from God out of heaven." Sacred places are wont to be full of pious figments and religious inventions, rather than of holy memories and devout inspirations. Even the brazen serpent, an undoubted relic of divine grace, became a snare unto Israel at length; they "did burn incense to it;" wherefore Hezekiah wisely "brake it in pieces and called it Nehushtan, a piece of brass." Moreover, since the world-wide gospel has come, every soil is Holy Land. "Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. . . . But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship Him." There will always be a value attached to the Holy City, but only as it leads to a City still holier, whose builder and maker is God. The one "answereth to the Jerusalem which now is, and is in bondage with her children. But Jerusalem, which is above, is free, which is the mother of us all."

XIV

MY FARTHEST EAST

ON the north side of a bold promontory, flanking the Bay of St. George, lies the city of Beyrout, leaning upon a mountain, dipping her foot in the sea, olive crowned, vine embowered, pulsing with the life of caravan and locomotive, no mean city, but marching to her destiny a hundred and ten thousand strong. Beyrout is the Athens of Syria, and she owes more to The American Board of Foreign Missions than the Greek city did to Pericles. Sixteen journals are printed here in Arabic alone, four hospitals are maintained, and above twenty extensive educational institutions. All these came out of, or were suggested by, a little vine planted by the American Board eighty years ago.

The early years of our missionaries witnessed a long struggle against intolerance, pestilence, wars, poverty and banishment. After a two years' exile in Malta, our little force returned to Beyrout. A

small rowboat came out to meet them. It contained five persons, the entire Protestant population of the Turkish Empire. That five is now seventy-five thousand.

Here the Board opened the first school for girls in the Empire of the Sultan. Here they made that elegant and finished translation of the Bible into Arabic, already passed through thirty-two editions, which goes into all parts of the globe, spanning a hundred and twenty degrees of longitude. For Arabic is the sacred language of a hundred and eighty millions of people. Here one sees the typesetter at work on Arabic, guiding his hands wittingly, for the line has to be pointed above, below, and on both sides of the letter. It was a nice problem to solve, how to introduce those vowel points after the consonants were set up, but a Yankee solved it; by casting the type with a slot in each corner for receiving the vowel mark.

The Syrian Protestant College is located here, with an attendance of four hundred and thirty-four students from all parts of Asia Minor, Egypt and Persia. They have ten fine stone buildings and a magnificent site overlooking the Mediterranean, laid out with terraces and shrubbery, exquisitely kept, an object-lesson in itself to that population which cares so little for public appearances.

We attended chapel at four o'clock. The

faculty of about thirty men, mostly Americans, sat in a semicircle on the platform, an imposing body. The singing by the students was strong, hearty, and, like Webster's dictionary, of large volume. They are not a singing race, having little to sing for, and, I was reminded of Mr. Moody's comment on his own singing, that he "sang everything to one tune, and nobody knew the name of that." The swarthy faces looked strange to me, but when I saw a young fellow snap a paper pellet at a companion's visage, I felt as if I were back in the sophomore class again.

It was a rare pleasure to enjoy a tour of the college under its genial President, the Rev. Daniel Bliss, D.D., who showed us all manner of courtesy, including a delicious luncheon at his residence. Here, too, we saw representatives of other Christian bodies, English, Scotch and American, all working harmoniously in that difficult field, many of whom we met in the parlors of Dr. Jessup, greatly enjoying their society and rejoicing in their noble work.

The next morning we made an early start for Damascus, eighty-six miles distant by narrow-gauge railway. The road is built upon the plan of the railway up Mount Washington, with rack and pinion, it being impossible to climb those grades without cogs. The train runs very slowly in places, not faster

than a funeral walk. As we wound in and out of the hills and precipices of the Lebanon Mountains, the changing views were exceedingly grand. Some said that the Rocky and Colorado mountains had nothing finer to offer. We found it an inspiring day, and it was decided that the view of the city and the sea was alone worth the cost of the journey. The mountains were snow covered. At one place we had the weird experience of entering a cloud. It was chill as the grave. The highest point reached was 4,830 feet, about twice the height of the highest land in Connecticut. Coming down through the valleys, we saw clear water-courses. Women were washing on the banks, beating the garments on a stone in lieu of soap. I was reminded of a similar scene which Onkelos once looked upon in these parts. Onkelos was a famous Rabbi, author of the Targum that bears his name. He was passing women at their washing, and ventured to reprove a certain maid for looking at him, stating with prunes, prisms and propriety, that a woman should look upon the ground. Whereupon the maid retorted, "It is meet for a man to look upon the ground, for he was made from it; but woman should look upon man, for she was made from him." The discomfited Rabbi then washed his hands of the subject, and retreated behind his targum.

The elevation of body furnished the proper con-

dition for a fall of spirits, and we improved the occasion. The circumstances were these. Our train stopped for refreshments at a little village called Mallakah, and it was announced that thirty minutes would be accorded that function. Another east-bound train also stopped, and there was much backing and filling. Being of a sanguine nature and resting in the printed official assurance, I calmly ate through eighteen minutes of the *menu*, then went out deliberately and inquired for the train to Damascus. Said the official, "*Le train est fini!*" "Finished?" said I. "How can it be finished? One cannot finish a thirty-minute train in eighteen." He did not answer my arithmetic, but pointed to the train disappearing around the curve, and shrugged his shoulders. There we were, three of us, stranded in a heathen hamlet! No other train for twenty-four hours. No baggage and very little self-respect. However, we pulled ourselves together, thought of Romans viii : 28, and re-arranged our campaign. First, we telegraphed for our baggage, which reappeared the next day without so much as a tooth-brush missing. Then I went out and bargained with a wily native for a three-horse vehicle. After reducing his demands from thirty francs to twenty, we chartered the chariot and started for Baalbec, three hours distant, over a fine road.

En route we saw one of the most beautiful sights

yet observed, a novelty in mid-air. It was a flock of storks, say a thousand in number, wheeling in slow and stately circles above, without a quiver of the wing, a soundless, motionless, aerial march. The wonder of their locomotion was not so striking as the dissolving view of their colors, from black to white, from white again to black. The dark wings showed for half of the circle against the sky, and then, as their white breasts and under wings appeared, they turned into pure silver. It was like the metamorphosis of black birds into a snow-cloud and *vice versa*. This continued before us in regularity and rotation for half an hour, an aviary eclipse and re-eclipse.

At the end of the long valley we found the celebrated ruins of Baalbec, the Heliopolis of the Greeks, once a flourishing seat of sun worship. They are not as old as many Egyptian temples, but they have some remarkable properties. Six columns of the fifty-four are still standing in one temple and nineteen out of forty-six in another, all beautifully carved and beautifully harmonious. One sees here, also, the largest stones ever used in architecture. In one course are three, measuring sixty, sixty-one and sixty-two feet respectively in length by thirteen in width. How they were ever quarried, or being quarried were ever moved, or, conceding both, were ever set up without chipping

the edges, are problems in mechanics that are not solvable in this day. In the adjoining quarry is an even larger stone, seventy-two feet in length, which was never detached. My companions were a lady who had been sent around the world as a missionary of the W. C. T. U., and a Doctor of Divinity, who had lost a limb by a Vicksburg shell, royal and experienced travellers both. We had a fire kindled in the hotel parlor and regaled each other, traveller fashion, with accounts of our adventures and hair-breadth escapes. Particularly we congratulated each other on the good fortune of missing that train, otherwise we should have missed Baalbec. Providence is said to keep a special watch over children, drunkards and Americans. I believe it.

Damascus, "the pearl of the East," is a city lying on a plain 2,200 feet above sea level, bounded by the mountains on one side and by gardens, orchards and vineyards uncounted on the other. Through it flows the Abana, a deep snow-water stream, the life and soul of the city, entering every house and irrigating three hundred miles of her horticulture; which, with her companion, the Awaj, or ancient Pharpar, justified the boast of Naaman, "better than all the waters of Israel." Damascus bursts upon the traveller like a vision. They still show the mountain perch from which Mahomet looked down upon the city in rapture, only to refuse to enter it, saying,

“Man can have but one Paradise, and that must not be sought on earth.” I confess that I felt the same way, when I first looked down from Town Hill on the Salisbury Paradise, but, unlike Mahomet, concluded to take the risk. It must be admitted, however, that Mahomet might have found that distance lent enchantment to the view, for the city near-to is not so fascinating. There is a perceptible difference between it and Paradise.

We entered the city one brilliant afternoon, and, after a few moments of repair and refreshment at our hotel, took a carriage and drove about it. Our dragoman was a descendant of Mahomet, as his green turban indicated; he exhibited all the show places with the pride of a man who had made their history, as in part he had. He showed the place where St. Paul was converted, and where he was let down in a basket by the wall; to some people they still show the basket, but we looked too skeptical, I suppose. He showed us where Naaman had his house, where Ananias lived, and other interesting localities, all of them, “important, if true.” Eastern guides are as unreliable in their history and archæology as a man generally is in giving his wife an account of his experience before marriage. However, knowing something of the history ourselves, we were aware that we were treading places of excitement. There was the arch where hundreds of

Christians lost their heads in the massacre of 1860, a grewsome place; there was the street whence the caravan starts every year for Mecca. One had just arrived from Bagdad, the camels kneeling in delicious restfulness after their two months' journey. Columns and sculpture here and there bore witness to the former magnificence of Damascus, when Nouredin and Saladin made it their capital; when Tamerlane, also, whom the very Arabs called "the Wild Beast," massacred and plundered the city. There, too, was the *Via Recta*, which our drago, priding himself on his English, invariably announced as "the Straight called Street." It was "straight as a string," and seems to have been named on the principle of "*lucus a non lucendo*."

Damascus is famous for its bazaars and street traffic. The place gave name to "damask," now applied to linens, but originally to the figured patterns in silk so wondrously wrought in this city. Here was made the world-famous Damascus steel, which has a peculiar wavy or water-line appearance, and is noted for its elasticity and edge. We greatly enjoyed those busy marts with their countless buyers and sellers. A feature of the streets is the number of strange cries to attract trade. They do not call out the thing itself, but invent some striking phrase that is a still better advertisement. The flower-man will cry, "Here is your chance to make

a present to your mother-in-law." The water-cress man shouts, "If any old woman will eat these cresses, she will be young again before morning." A characteristic of Damascus, as of other places in the East, is the *sebil*, or water philanthropy. A man, wishing to do a meritorious thing, perhaps in penance or in gratitude, will hire a water-carrier to distribute water to the thirsty, the carrier using the identical language of Isaiah, "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; yea, come, buy without money and without price." Few people can resist the attractions of Damascus bazaars, and they generally come away with a load of goods. The rugs are especially captivating, so is the costumery. We climbed the mosque and saw the city at its best, just before sunset, exceedingly picturesque with its minarets, its domes, its green borders, its quaint walls, its mountain background, and its myriad associations. It was the home of Abraham's steward, Eliezer, the wife finder, the home of Naaman and his little maid, of the Hadads and Benhadads of prophecy, the spiritual birth-place of St. Paul, the city of caliphs and conquerors, of victims and vanquished, and its wheel is still turning.

This city was my farthest east. It lies in $36^{\circ} 18'$ East longitude, which is $110^{\circ} 18'$ distant from New York, and therefore represents a time differ-

ence of seven hours and twenty minutes. Thereafter, I was steadily working toward America, the direction the star of empire also takes. Our return to Beyrout was relieved by an interesting incident at Mallakah. We were accused of trying to "beat our board," when last passing through, and the cashier came out in dudgeon to threaten us with the police. He was too excited to listen to any explanation, and when a third party, a friendly Greek, put in a word of soothing, it was like pouring oil on troubled fires. He blazed away to the end of his vocabulary, when he was ably reinforced by his wife. The latter was a woman, not of words only, but of deeds, and promptly filched our bundle of luncheon by way of reprisal. It was more amusing than provoking, and we kept our faces, our tempers, and our composure. Waiting until the Oriental had blown off steam to the limit of the gauge, I took him in hand coolly, told him how, when, and where we had paid for our meals, what coins we had given him, and what change he had returned. A look of dawning intelligence came into his face, he admitted that *some* of us were honest, but he needed a scape-goat for his spleen and a cushion for his pride, so he gave the Doctor of Divinity a withering look that ought to haunt him till death. He even refused his coin, and went off with the air of a man who had been dealing with pitch. The bundle was

A L E A V E O F A B S E N C E

shot back at us by the woman, who looked as if she might have put strychnine, ratsbane, and Prussic acid into every sandwich.

XV

ASIA MINOR

WE sailed out of Beyrout harbor on a French steamer, the "Melbourne," on a thousand-mile cruise, bound for Constantinople. We were in Turkish waters all the while, but we thought, not of the Turks, but of the Ionian colonists, who had made those seas the highways of art and commerce, and of the Apostles who had inaugurated the great foreign missionary movements of the church upon their surface. The journey occupies about five days and is exceedingly picturesque and romantic, with historic coasts and lovely islands constantly in view. But at first we ran out of sight of land for a full day, so unexpectedly great are the distances on the Mediterranean. We put into the port of Vathy on the beautiful isle of Samos. This is a flourishing isle, having a prince of its own, and enjoying the unusual privilege of home rule. It is an island whose name appears again and again in Greek history; Pythagoras was

born here; Polycrates developed the golden age of Ionic art upon its hills. It has always been celebrated for its wine, as appears in the oft re-current line in Byron's Song,

“Fill high the bowl with Samian wine.”

One of my shipmates, cognizant of this fact, sent a native ashore with a silver coin to procure a bottle of it. The man has not returned yet.

The following day we spent in the wonderful harbor of Smyrna. The approach to the city is beautiful. It lies at the end of a long, well-sheltered bay, making a port that could hold the navies of the world. It is the finest harbor in the Mediterranean. Back of the terraced city the huge form of Mount Pagus reared itself. Smyrna is another place equally renowned for its beauty and history. Its name goes back into the dawn of history, and has never been changed. It is remembered as the home of Polycarp, the martyr, whose tomb we visited, and as the seat of one of those Seven Churches of Asia to which the letters of Revelation were addressed.

It is an active town of near two hundred thousand population, already the second city in the Empire, and enjoying a larger commerce than Constantinople itself. When the much-talked-of railway to Bagdad, opening up the great grain fields of the Euphrates, is completed, it bids fair to become the

Liverpool of Asia. I asked a banker what was the commercial rate of interest; he said, eight to twelve per cent. It already has a large caravan traffic and some railroad connections; say five hundred miles. Its quay is full of many colored turbans and resounds with all the dialects of Babel. Its bazaars are crowded, and here one finds to perfection the two great specialties of its trade, Smyrna figs and Smyrna rugs. The same energy that shows itself in the trade of the city appears in its missionary life. I visited the American High School, conducted by the American Board. It has grown from little to more, against odds that would have killed anything but a missionary plant, has taken in a building here and a corner there, until it is now a sturdy plant, with all the elements of thrift about it. Not that it has handsome or even adequate quarters, but it is absolutely *self-supporting*. Think of that, the next time some Philistine undertakes to tell you that "It costs fifty thousand dollars to convert a heathen, and then he doesn't stay converted." The laugh is against the Philistine! Here is a flourishing kindergarten, too, supported by The Woman's Board, and doing a beautiful work. The incidental advantage of an American institution like that, in teaching order, cleanliness and beautification is incalculable. The Turk may call the city "Giaour Ismir," Infidel Smyrna, but I would rather name it

after its great martyr, Polycarpia, city of many fruits.

Then we sailed up the coast, passed Tenedos, where the Greeks retired after making that wooden-horse play on the Trojans. By the way, the Trojans never could have played that horse trick on the Greeks, anymore than Mr. Weller could have worked his piano game for getting Mr. Pickwick out of prison. We passed the Troad, scene of a petty scrimmage, which would have been forgotten long since, but for the genius of Homer. There, too, is the little city, where St. Paul had his vision of one beckoning from Europe, where also he left the cloak and parchments, pathetic mention of which is among the last known words of the great apostle.

The Dardanelles, or ancient Hellespont, lie next in our pathway. They are from one to four miles wide, and remind us of the western end of Long Island Sound. Romance and history have established themselves on these banks. Hero lived on one side of the water, we are told, and Leander on the other. He was a good swimmer and used to cross over, guided by a torch set by Hero, "a light in the window for thee." But he tried it once too often; and when his body was washed ashore the maid promptly cast herself into the sea, and was buried in the same grave with her lover. This story

of love and prowess is regularly repeated to every child born within sight of the Levant, and never fails to bring salt water to the surface. Lord Byron was so affected that, in spite of his lame foot, he tried the experiment himself, and actually swam the straits; since which the natives have regarded the tale as "proven true." Here Xerxes crossed upon his bridge of boats, and showed his self-command by having the sea, which had wrecked some of his pontoons, properly lashed. It is a pleasant sail, some fifty miles in length, having Europe on the one side and Asia on the other. Turkish castles appear here and there, also the large city of Gallipolis. Then comes the Sea of Marmora, a curious little sea, sandwiched in between the Mediterranean and the Black Sea. It suddenly widens out after leaving Gallipolis until the shores are forty miles apart, when it begins to contract, and at a hundred and ten miles on we as suddenly strike the Bosphorus. It is a lovely panorama all the way, the water is calm, the air balmy, the passengers on deck, eager and enthusiastic to catch the first glimpse of the City of the Sultan.

XVI

CONSTANTINOPLE

C ONSTANTINOPLE lies on three waters and on seven hills. Its situation is unrivalled, whether for strategy, commerce, or beauty. It is the virtual end of the Mediterranean, commands the Black Sea, and invites the trade of three continents. One side of the city is washed by the Sea of Marmora, the other by the Bosphorus, while an arm of the latter makes up into the heart of the city, affording anchorage for twelve hundred ships. This is called the Golden Horn, partly from its shape (though Strabo thought it more like a stag's horn than anything else), and partly from its cornucopia-like blessing to the city, filling it with shiploads of the world's treasure. The city looks queenly from every direction. I thought nothing could exceed its superb appearance as viewed from the sea, but the impression was even finer when I beheld it from a hill across the Bosphorus. No other place has so many large and beautiful mosques,

whose graceful and sky-piercing minarets are the characteristic feature of the city. The emblems of Constantinople have, for ages, been the star and crescent, and they eminently fit its altitude and potency. These emblems have been adopted by the Sultan himself, but the city is more star-like than Abdul Hamid, and has a future more expanding than that of the Turkish Empire.

The old part of Constantinople, called Stamboul, lies on the Sea of Marmora; it is now the Turkish quarter and the seat of government. It was settled centuries ago by the Greeks. A certain colony following in the wake of another, were directed by the oracle to found their city opposite the "City of the Blind." This direction itself was rather blind, but it became translucent, when they saw that the former colony had settled on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, as though blind indeed, to the blessing of the Golden Horn. This is one more of those legends whose catalogue includes the wolf story of Rome, the ox-hide incident of New York, and the place-where-the-cow-lay-down tale of Boston.

The colonists called the place Byzantium, after Byzas, their leader, and thereby hangs the tale of all the "Byzantine art" that one is so constantly meeting in the East. But Constantine wanted a New Rome, and simply obliterated the old place by superimposing the glory of the new. So Con-

stantinople extinguished Byzantium. Here was the true capital of the world for centuries. It is still called "New Rome" in the documents of the Orthodox Eastern Church. It has had its pages writ in red, like its rival on the Tiber. The sack of Constantinople, by the Turks, in 1453, is counted one of the bloodiest chapters in history. Yet the fall of the city, like the fall of man, had its compensations; it scattered its scholars over Europe, it sowed Greek learning everywhere, and thus it prepared for the Renaissance and the Reformation. These facts impart a wealth of interest to the great capital.

The first thing we did by way of exploration was to climb the Tower of Galata and get a bird's-eye view of the city. Like all Gaul, it is divided into three parts, Stamboul on the west, Galata and Pera on the east, separated by the Golden Horn. Pera means "the beyond," and is the modern city containing the hotels and embassies. Across the Bosphorus lies another city, Scutari. The Bosphorus itself leads the eye towards its mouth, sixteen miles to the north. It is a beautiful stream, reminding one in its volume of water of the Niagara River. Jason sailed down it with the golden fleece. Xenophon crossed it with his Ten Thousand. It is the outlet of that foggy sea, the terror of mariners, which the Greeks termed *Euxenos*, "good to strangers," for the reason that it was just the opposite. The gild-

ing of its name wore off after a while, and it is now called the Black Sea. Below us the ships of all nations lie at anchor, the flags of all countries wave in air; the war vessels of all ages frown each other out of countenance. A million people live within sight of that tower and ten million dogs. I have not counted the latter, or the former, but the one is a Turkish estimate, the other is an American.

Now let us go down and stand on the Galata Bridge. If you stand there long enough, you will see every nationality on earth cross it. It is a toll bridge, connecting the old city with the new. Here comes one of the famous Turkish porters, a perfect Atlas. He has a saddle on his back to make the load ride easily, and is bent almost double with his burden. He lives on vegetables and fruit, but can carry a cask of wine, a load of hay, a cord of wood, or anything else that four ordinary men can place on top of him. Talk about the white man's burden, it is nothing compared to the Turkish porter's. Over there to the right is Step Street, which is a veritable flight of stairs up the hill. Under the bridge are darting hundreds of boats, called caiques (kah-eeks), of which there are said to be 30,000 at hand. The caique is a long, graceful craft, having no seats except cushions in the very bottom of the boat, with an easy gliding motion, extremely pleasant.

At the Stamboul end of the bridge are the ba-

zaars. They are roofed over, reminding one a little of Fulton Market, but every kind of product in the world is to be found there. The standing places are full of sheep. Some of them are as clean as Mary's little lamb, many of them tied with ribbons. For a Mohammedan feast approaches, whereat every family will have a mutton roast. Here comes the vender of lemonade. His fountain is a complicated affair, half glass, half brass, slung over his shoulder. The bowls are of brass, too, and he holds them as castanets, making a clatter to attract attention. When he fills the flowing bowl, he stoops forward and deftly turns the acetic stream from above his shoulder into the cup. Mind your foot there! You are stepping on a dog, on a dozen dogs! They swarm in every street and lane; black, brown, dingy, and in all the newest shades of tan. They are of the real "yaller dog" variety, half wolf, half fox, the sharpest curs that ever evaded a dog tax. Indeed, they have no tax collector to fear, are given the freedom of the city, and are the "White Angels" of Constantinople. They have the digestion of an alligator, and each night eat the streets clear of everything, but the cobble-stones. They have their own wards and spheres of influence. Woe be to the stray uitlander dog that does not keep his distance! He may come out against them one way, but they make him flee before them seven ways.

Yet for all they are so many, it is said that hydrophobia is unknown in the city.

The great feature of Constantinople is the Mosque of St. Sophia. It is not as imposing a structure as some other mosques, and the interior is almost invariably disappointing at first. One wonders upon what the reputation of the place was ever made. It is undeniably dingy, and here and there are plaster and tawdry-looking paint. But wait. Look at that bold span of arches, that noble dome a hundred and seven feet in diameter. Remark those columns, they are from Baalbec, from Ephesus, from Athens. Notice those mosaics, each representing the life-time of an artist. Did you ever see finer windows? The dome is made of pumice stone, so as to be as light as possible. The whole effect is wonderfully airy and graceful. Porphyry, lapis lazuli, pearl, stones of art, of treasure, of history, have been massed here. The whole world has been laid under contribution, until its builder, Constantine, cried in ecstasy, "O Solomon, I have surpassed thee!"

There are other mosques in Constantinople that attract admiration. The general features of all are the same, namely, a dome or series of domes, slender spires called minarets, from four to twenty, a lavatory in the court, the Mecca point within toward which the face is turned in prayer, countless rugs

and as many lamps, huge shields upon the walls, containing the signature of Mahomet and extracts from the Koran, such as "*Allah il Allah*," "God is God," or "*Allah mozout*," "God is present." Generally there are a few worshippers within, sitting tailor-fashion upon the rugs, and occasionally touching the forehead to the floor. In St. Sophia one feels a sense of desecration. Originally a Christian church, it has been transformed for Mohammedan use by violence. The rugs are all set at an angle with the lines of the church, in order to conform to the Mecca point. The arms of the cross on the heavy bronze doors have been torn off by fanatical Moslems.

One of the pleasures of Constantinople is a visit to the so-called Sweet Waters of Europe. These springs lie at the head of the Golden Horn and are the rendezvous for all the gentry and nobility of the city, together with its Vanity Fair. Here one sees gold lace by the acre and Arab horses at their best. The Turk is a man after Mr. Weller's own heart, "the werry best judge of a horse you ever knowed." Their instinct for horse-flesh is unerring. Here are the strolling players, mountebanks, fakirs, and catchpenny artists of all ranks. The ladies of Constantinople are out in force, too, but it is little one can see of their faces, owing to the universal veil.

Quite a different entertainment is that of the public story-teller; one meets him constantly in the East. He is usually hired by some smoking establishment, the place being crowded with men, to whom he affords an Arabian entertainment for a thousand and one nights. He delivers his tale amid a cloud of smoke, talking now toward one side of the room and again toward the other, turn about being fair play. I heard no applause, and remarked more contentment than excitement about the performance. The Greek bards wrought their hearers up to ecstasy by reciting the Iliad, and Sheherazade kept a man spell-bound for two years and a half, but their successors have no such fortune. In Chicago the affair would be voted "slow."

Much more exciting that this was the exhibit of the Howling Dervishes. These Dervishes are regarded with extraordinary respect all over the Empire. They form practically a secret society, a Mafia, and woe be to the man who incurs their enmity! They communicate with each other from city to city, and hound him with their vengeance to the end of life. The howling transaction takes place on certain days and attracts a throng. They begin by forming a line of men at one end of the room, who commence to recite in a stiff, insistent way the undisputed fact, "*Allah il Allah.*" This they do, first bowing to the left and anon to the

right. It reminds you of that ancient cry, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." As they warm to the work, the pace increases. It makes the back ache to look at them! After an hour or more, the breath being pretty well spent or bowed out of them, they drop to the syllable "*Hu!*" which means He, and is applied to the Deity. This is continued until exhaustion is reached, but just before the dead point, the Holy Man in charge gives a sign and the machinery stops. I felt no particular emotion up to this point, being perfectly willing that the Howlers or anybody else should be happy in their own way; but when they brought in a row of children, and the Holy Man prepared to walk on them, I came near making a "howl" of my own. Indignation culminated when they brought in a baby not six months old for him to stand on. The theory is, that his feet will press some of his reverence's virtue into them, and they be immune from sickness. The child cried, of course, with what little breath it had left, whereupon I rushed into the open air, for in another minute I should have broken up the meeting.

As a lady had described a ride in a caique as "the poetry of motion," and Turkish coffee as "the nectar of the gods," we resolved to combine the two superlatives by a trip to Bechiktag. The latter is a boat station on the Bosphorus, just above the city,

where a little café is to be found on the pier, famous for its beverage. The proprietor is said to have monopolized all there is of a particular growth, and to select each berry by hand; hence the reputation of his coffee. It certainly was fine; also the glide of the caique; also the Bosphorus itself, with its beautiful shores, its changing views of the great city and suburbs, its multifarious shipping and war vessels. It was sunset, as we returned, and the beginning of a Mohammedan feast. This was ushered in with the roar of many guns, reminding us of the Fourth of July. Now that I am on the Bosphorus, I may mention meeting a young soldier on a ferry-boat. He had been to some English school, evidently, and knew a little English. This accomplishment he aired with great satisfaction, and with the aim of practising his vocabulary on me. He was flushed with liquor, and inclined to familiarity. So I took him in hand as follows: "My martial friend, why is your damask cheek suffused with this flush of shame?" He studied on the subject a while, then said: "I have just had a lemonade, and am half dead drunk."

The missionary work of Constantinople is one of the most interesting features of it. It centres in the Bible House in Stamboul. Here one sees the preparation for sending out Christian literature into all parts of the Empire. The library of Oriental books

is extensive; the force of scholars, some native, some from America, are actively engaged. The printing-presses are humming. Turkey has not issued half a dozen books this century that are of any thought value, and if the Christians of the country are to be fed, a literature must be furnished them outside of the native press. The Turkish censor is very much alive, and he can see more hidden meanings in a perfectly harmless paragraph than Sergeant Buzfuz did in "Chops and tomato sauce."

A missionary is popularly regarded as a man mounted on a barrel, preaching to a street-corner audience out of a Bagster Bible. As a matter of fact, he is a foreman, a superintendent, a campaign planner. He has from ten to twenty native workers under his charge, and keeps them all busy, a West Pointer over enlisted volunteers. He is a man of much correspondence and much journeying, an educator, an adviser, a preacher, an author. He operates a great amount of machinery connected with churches, schools, hospitals and printing-presses. He is, above all things else, a level-headed man of affairs, with tact, ingenuity, gumption, enterprise, and that indefinable quality called by New Englanders, "faculty," which consists of equal parts of the art of putting it and the art of letting it alone. He is hampered by lack of funds, the very growth of his work keeping him on starvation diet.

He is in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by his own countrymen, who sometimes return and slander him. Withal, he is a man of like passions with ourselves. Missionaries are sometimes as much tried by each other as the Pilgrim Mothers were tried by the Pilgrim Fathers. For which reason it does them good occasionally to see a fresh face from America. It warms their heart to have an American call, give them a hail and be friendly. The ungodly are not so. I refer to certain eminent divines who sail into Constantinople, and never go near the Bible House, ships that pass in the night. The very sailors, who scrub the decks, ought to pelt them with holy stones.

However, the missionary has heard the motto, "Keep sweet and go ahead." It was a Turkish missionary who used to say, "Look on the bright side, and if there isn't any bright side, polish up the dark side." He has no pyrotechnics, he sounds no trumpet before him when he prays, but he is quietly "doing his duty in that station of life in which it has pleased God to place him." The same applies to his wife, who is a missionary raised to the nth power. He shows us in actual practice the William Carey principle of attempting great things for God, of expecting great things from God. He is a corner-stone man, a sure-nail man, a mustard-seed man, and the Thirteenth Chapter of First Corin-

thians made flesh. They may sit in darkness, but they have seen a great light. They dwell among a people of unclean lips, but it is theirs by gospel grace to purify hearts as no fuller on earth can white them. The call for retreat, for grounding arms, for hauling down the flag, may come from us, but never from them, who are bearing the burden and heat of the day. They are going forth conquering and to conquer; the Lord their God is with them, and the shout of a King is among them.

We had the good fortune to see the ceremony known as the Salamlik. This is the public attendance on Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, of the Sultan at his private mosque. He is accompanied by his court and by ten thousand of his troops. Throngs of people are there to view and all the embassies in glittering array. The latter are privileged to issue a certain number of tickets to their friends, "to assist in the ceremony of the Salamik," as the invitation reads. The Sultan is head of the Moslem faith, and his prayers within the mosque are uttered in a representative capacity. The time within is about twenty minutes. On emerging, he enters another carriage drawn by four horses and takes the reins himself, his suite following on foot. We were there in season, and entered the palace grounds amid the waving of plumes, the champing of horses and the flashing of jewels and gold. After a two hours'

test of patience, the soldiers broke out into a roar of greeting, and His Majesty appeared. He passed within a few feet of me so that I had full opportunity to scan his face. He was plainly dressed in black, with a red fez on his head. His face looked unpleasant, unwholesome, unhappy and unreliable. This is the man whom an American writer has called "plucky," but whose pluck will be remembered in history as consisting in sending a sword of merit to the governor who ordered the massacre of helpless, unarmed men, women and children.

The Turk does not impress travellers with favor. He never drinks, but makes up for it in other ways. He is as regular in his prayers as a summer boarder at meals, falling upon his knees at any time. Our boatman on the Lake of Galilee turned his face toward Mecca, dropped upon the sand in full view of all us "infidels," and was not disconcerted in the least. They carry beads in their hands and are incessantly fingering them. I asked my dragoman about it and he said, "It is better for a man to be thinking about Allah than to be thinking about *you*." This I admitted without argument, but later, when I saw a Mussulman deeply interested in a street fight without interruption of his bead-work, I concluded that Orientals must be troubled with the same complaint as Americans, to wit, wandering of thought in prayer.

What is the future of this Turkish Empire? The hand of death is certainly upon it. Within a century their territory in Europe has shrunk from two hundred and thirty thousand square miles to sixty thousand. Her European population has dropped from twenty millions to five. It is a government that ought to die, a government of suspicion, of espionage, of treachery. The last Sultan, it is said, committed suicide; more probably it was "an assisted fate." The present Sultan's brother is called insane, convenient excuse for confining him in an asylum. He reigns by intrigue and amid secret factions. He wrings the life-blood from his people by the most demoralizing system of taxation on earth. The tree is taxed whether it is bearing or not, so that in Syria discouraged and frenzied farmers have been known to cut down the olive grove in sheer desperation rather than be taxed into bankruptcy. The court lives in splendor, the people strangle with the mailed hand upon the throat. Yet this is the sovereign whose official title is "Abdul Hamid, the Beloved Sultan of Sultans, Emperor of Emperors; the Shadow of God upon Earth; Brother of the Sun; Dispenser of Crowns to Those who sit upon Thrones; Sovereign of Constantinople and the great city of Brousa, as well as of Damascus, which is the Scent of Paradise; King of Kings, whose Army is the Asylum of Victory; at

the Foot of Whose Throne is Justice and the Refuge of the World." Such is his official name, his real name is The Sick Man of the East. Yet his sickness is discouragingly slow, reminding one of that sick man of the west, whose wife remarked so naïvely, "I do wish the old man would get well *or something*." The Sultan is unable to get well, he might truly repeat the grim jest of George the Third, "Excuse me for being so long in dying." He is living to-day upon the jealousies of Europe. He is detested by all, but is permitted to hold his property on sufferance, rather than that the Powers should face the problem of a *post mortem* division of his estate. Meanwhile Russia has her sleepless eye on his lovely capital, and whispers to herself, "I bide my time."

XVII

THE ISLES OF GREECE

GREECE is enveloped by nature with a robe of beauty. The traveller is held spell-bound with "the isles of Greece, the isles of Greece," (a repetition that accentuates their number and variety), long before he sets foot upon her shores. They are emeralds and sapphires set in a jasper sea. Greece is enveloped also with a robe of artistic glory. Though but half as large as the State of New York, she occupies, in the eyes of the civilized world, a space outspanning empires. Reflections like these crowded upon us, as we sailed up the lovely Gulf of Ægina, landing at Piræus, the port of Athens, originally selected by Themistocles.

Athens, "the city of the violet crown," is six miles away, lying upon a plain out of which rise several abrupt rocky hills. On either side of the plain stand up the mountains, not unlike the Berkshires around Stockbridge. The one nearest the

city is called Hymettus, famous for its honey. Its next-door neighbor is Pentelicus, "of the marble heart." From the head of Pericles, from the hand of Phidias, from the heart of Pentelicus was created the Parthenon, a quartette of noble Ps. One of the rocky heights alluded to rises out of the very heart of the city; it is the Acropolis, "the High City," originally the castle of defence, but subsequently developed into the most famous place of architecture the world over. Three of its sides are perpendicular, while the fourth is reinforced by masonry, including a wonderful flight of marble steps. As the city grew in power and wealth, the Acropolis came to be used exclusively for art and worship. Here the great temples were reared, and, like the capitol at Hartford, their sculptural beauty is enhanced by being set upon a hill. Here was erected, also, the gold and ivory statue of Athena, one of the wonders of the world, a masterpiece of Phidias, himself the master of masters. The remains of several grand structures are still observable. They have been shattered by earthquake and bombshell, been plundered by avarice and hatred, but they still show, nevertheless, their noble ideal, even as fallen humanity reflects the image of God.

Visitors drive to the Acropolis first, they drive to it last. They visit it by moonlight, when from out its shadows steal the figures of a wondrous past.

For great men have leaned against the bases of those motionless shafts. "Other ages have had their bright particular stars; the age of Pericles is the Milky Way of Great Men." From the Acropolis one gains also a bird's-eye view of the city. New Athens lies around Old Athens, as if encompassing and sheltering her from harm. It reminds one of the saying,

"Yestreen I saw the new moon
With the old moon in her arms."

The Athens of to-day is a town to which the word "hustling" may be applied. The streets are full of shops and shoppers. The city is laid out regularly in squares, and is handsomely built of marble. The public buildings are classically beautiful, with the exception of the Palace, which is a White House more democratic in appearance than the one at Washington. The bane of the city is its dust, which is only partially alleviated by sprinkling. The town has a thrifty air, in spite of its paper currency with gold at a premium of sixty-five.

The Athenians of St. Paul's day were inquisitive and newsy; they are so still, spending much time in the cafés, either to hear or to tell some new thing. They are all politicians and throng the public squares until two A. M., sipping coffee and hammering the table with the fist. The minute details

of the legislature are gone into like the campaigns of Hannibal. Did the Prime Minister presume to tack on to the Sundry Civil List the cost of a saddle for the Chamberlain's boy? If so, it was a "rider," and not to be borne. "Go to, ye Athenians; let us rally as at Marathon, and vote it down!"

The Greeks pride themselves on their democracy; they regard us Americans as being in a promising way, but hold that for the real Simon-pure, Andrew Jackson article, one must look to them alone. They have a king, to be sure, but they go to see him with trousers in boots, clap him on the back, and call him "George." They spell elections with a double X, they are so absorbing. A friend of mine was present at the last mayoralty contest, and stated that they had torch-light processions and serenades for ten nights thereafter. They vote a white ballot for their candidate, and, following the ancient custom, a black ballot against every opposing candidate, with the result that, in a recent city election, each freeman voted a hundred and ten times. They vote by means of a white or black bean, and become so expert in the matter, that "not to know beans," is synonymous with dense Bœotian stupidity. The man who told me all this, once took a prize for truthfulness during the school year.

The Greeks are natural traders and one sees their signs all over the East. Their names generally end

in the syllable "eion"; we counted a hundred, for example, in one street and then closed the poll. Eion appears to be the termination meaning place, like the Latin "ium," and is resorted to for every kind of a noun. Hotel is "*xenodecheion*," that is "place of receiving strangers." The final n is not pronounced, and almost every vowel and diphthong in the language is sounded like ee in feet. The Greeks are thrifty. The major part of the real estate in Cairo, for instance, is in their hands; so is the banking business of the Orient. The world has always had a sentimental affection for Greece, of which Lord Byron's was a conspicuous example. Subscriptions for Greek Independence were taken in our colleges seventy years ago, and some of the cannon procured thereby were cast in Salisbury, Conn. The reason for this romantic attachment lies almost wholly in their past. The modern Greeks are not much different from the rest of us, as Byron at length discovered; but they are interesting, and probably worth all the blood and treasure their independence cost.

The land is beautiful in itself, and ever will be. The Vale of Tempe is regarded as the most beautiful in the world. The isle of Corfu seemed to me, on the whole, the fairest spot my eyes feasted upon in all my journey. The hills are always strong and graceful, with an added charm of historical association; the sea gleams everywhere, for the coast of

Greece is more indented even than the coast of Maine. The forests around Athens have been sacrificed too much, so that the rainfall is scanty, and the limestone shows through the herbage too glaringly. But tree-planting has begun again and some Order of Foresters ought to do for the country a work of grace.

One glorious afternoon we sailed in a small boat through the Straits of Salamis, a few miles only from the city. Upon the mainland opposite is the sharp hill recalling so vividly the famous incident,

A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships by thousands lay below,
And men in nations—all were his.

The battle of Salamis was won by faith, the faith of one man. Themistocles was alone in his opinion that the Greek fleet was able to cope with the Persian crush. He could not gain the consent of the majority of sea captains, but managed to delay the retreat, until their fleet was surrounded and battle was inevitable. There before us was the coast where the wives and daughters of Athens came out to view; beneath our keel were the waters that were once lashed with the fury of oars, or tinged with the blood of Asia, "making the green one red." There were the bays where the contestants were jammed in

one mass or drifted helplessly apart. The Persian fleet far outnumbered the little Athenian flotilla, but were inferior to them in oarsmanship and striking power. The battle was a case of the sword-fish versus the whale, which has but one ending. The judgment, the courage, the faith of Themistocles were justified, and all the world wondered. The only real man on the Persian side was a woman. The rest fled east, fled west, or leaped into the sea and enriched the fisheries of Attica. The king, who was called early in order to enjoy the annihilation of his enemies, went to bed without the sight. But for Athens the day ended gloriously. Then was their mouth filled with laughter and their tongue with singing. Did not one chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight? It was an incident after the order of David and Goliath, whose very disproportion captivates the world's heart.

Another day we climbed Pentelicus, the mountain from which Athens drew her supply of exquisite marble. It was a hard, stiff climb, involving twelve miles of effort. More than once I sighed for the volume in my library entitled, "Helps over hard places." But the summit, reached at three o'clock, was rewarding. We looked directly down upon a famous plain,

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea.

Here occurred another of those unequal contests, eleven thousand against a hundred and ten thousand, which ended in favor of "the little dog in the fight." The plain of Marathon is not large, perhaps a mile and a half by five. It is girt by a lovely circular bay. At the farthest point from the sea is a little bend where the Athenians waited until Miltiades saw the Persian cavalry embark. Off they sailed, supposing their presence would be unnecessary in such an insignificant skirmish. Then Miltiades permitted himself a smile, and ordered the charge. The Persians were driven into a morass, somewhat as Barak drove the hosts of Sisera into the swamp of the Kishon. The Greeks lost only one hundred and ninety-two men, who lie buried in a little mound on the plain, but their opponents lost so many whole regiments that the place is called in history "the Persians' grave."

The hills of Greece are full of shrines, temples, statues—all in ruins. But they are sufficient to attract the artists and scholars of all countries. These battered columns are studied with a care that is not always given to human life itself. They copied them in the days of the Cæsars, they copy them in the days of President McKinley and Kaiser Wilhelm.

We made a journey to Corinth by a "Shore Line" railway, fifty-eight miles from Athens, and

beautiful all the way. Here on a narrow isthmus, between two frequented seas, a natural site for a metropolis, grew up a populous and wealthy city, which, after a checkered career, had taken on new life and luxury in St. Paul's day. It was interesting to look on those mountains and graceful shores, as through the eyes of the apostle, for they were all that remained of his day, save the few columns of a resurrected temple. Here he remained a full year and a half, the longest period he spent in any one place, under the Divine assurance, "I have much people in this city." Here he developed the pastoral heart, which shows so tenderly in his two letters to the Corinthian church. They were a most unpromising lot of church members, according to our standards, but, nevertheless, they were considered worthy to receive the two masterpieces of the great apostle, the Thirteenth Chapter of First Corinthians and the sublime passage on the Resurrection.

A canal has been cut across the isthmus, three and a half miles long, which saves two hundred and fifty miles of sea voyage. We crossed it by railroad, and I was so much interested in it, that I resolved to walk back and get a snap of the camera at it. It seemed to me to be about half a mile from the station, and I allowed three-quarters of an hour for it. It turned out to be a mile and a half away. In the

very act of taking it, I was paralyzed to see my train for Patras just crossing the bridge! I must make up the return distance in the time it would take the train to run a mile and a half, plus its wait at the station. Then I girded up my loins and ran. I thought of Cushi and Ahimaaz, and of the messengers that ran from Thermopylæ to Athens, and beat all four. The heat had expanded the road, but I made up the difference. Men stopped their work in the field, and women brought their children to the doorway to see me run. I hailed an engine in passing and offered the engineer a king's ransom, if he would take me to the station, but he preferred to see me run. I made the last lap just as the guard's horn tooted. When the local reporter writes up that run, he can fill a Corinthian column.

All that afternoon we rode by rail along the southern shore of the Gulf of Corinth. The peninsula is the most fertile part of Greece. It was beautifully green with wheat fields, olive orchards and vineyards. We saw old Mount Parnassus and many other famous heights, some of them snow clad. By night we reached Patras, the second port in the kingdom, but of no special interest artistically. Not far from here, across the gulf, is Missolonghi, where Byron breathed his last.

The next day we journeyed on west and south to Olympia, where the famous games were celebrated

for a thousand years of history. The Germans have expended \$300,000 here in excavation, and have unearthed the Temple of Zeus and the race-course. They are situated at the junction of two small rivers. The hills border the plain, reminding me of Cornwall, my neighboring town. But the greatest find of all was the Hermes of Praxiteles, a statue of the god playing with a little child held on his left arm. This sculpture is regarded by many as the finest work in marble on earth, and it is claimed that it alone is sufficient compensation for the money spent in excavation. While it is not one of the masterpieces of Praxiteles, as described by the ancients, still it is far and away ahead of all things modern in stone. A mantle falls from his shoulder, and the very texture of the folds is so well brought out that the difference between it and the exquisite skin is clearly marked. When a photograph was shown to a great German scholar, he was so illusioned as to exclaim, "What made the photographer put in that cloth?" The face is very beautiful, but I was Philistine enough to ask myself, "After all, does it not lack soul?" Hermes was looking away from the child, not at him, which was a point against him at the start. Handsome as he was, he looked to be fully capable of breaking a woman's heart, and then of inquiring what was to be had for dinner. The marble may have been Pentelic; it

was certainly not angelic. The man who owned that face may have merited the praise of Absalom, "from the sole of his foot even to the crown of his head there was no blemish in him;" but he never could have uttered the words of one who, though "his bodily presence was weak," could say, "Neither count I my life dear unto myself."

The Island of Corfu is "the farthest north" of Greece, and one of the most beautiful spots in creation. We rounded the picturesque old castle early one morning and came to anchor off the clean and sightly town. It was Easter Day. The Greek and Gregorian calendars have no dealings with each other, so that the Eastern and Western churches observe separate days. We had attended an Easter service in the English church of Athens the previous Sunday, we now followed it by attending the Greek Church Easter service to-day! The functionary ushered us quite up into the chancel, within a yard, in fact, of a chanting priest blessed with lusty lungs. There was much monotoning of sentences, much burning of incense, and more bowing down to holy bones than I am accustomed to, but I endeavored to worship with them, and was rewarded, at length, by hearing the First Chapter of John read aloud in Greek, which was the most reverential, impressive, and stillest part of the whole service. The well-worn Bible was kissed by an eager throng, and

the communion cup, containing the bread and wine mixed as a sop, was given to a number, including an infant, who rebelled with clamor and had to be converted by force of arms.

The Empress of Austria built a most beautiful palace in this isle, reminding one of Coleridge's lines,

In Xenadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree.

It is situated on the mountain side overlooking the Adriatic, a castle by the sea. Gardens vie with gardens and bowers with bowers, to make it an earthly paradise. It is called, "Achilleion," after the Greek hero. A large fresco in the hall represents the victorious combatant in the act of dragging Hector, slain, around the walls of Troy. In the garden is its counterpart, a statue of the victor vanquished, of Achilles wounded to death, plucking the poisoned arrow from his heel. Did the Empress, I wonder, as she surveyed that statue in the midst of her terraced garden, have suspicion of the danger that lurked in her own pathway? The divinity that doth hedge a king does not keep at bay the hand of an assassin. The Empress was stricken in the height of her prosperity, and the iron entered into her soul. Achilleion is now empty, and strangers only enjoy its surpassing loveliness.

AND OTHER LEAVES

This was our last glimpse of the isles of Greece.
The garden, the castle, the peak, the mountain, successively sank into the Adriatic, and the image was effaced from the eye to be printed upon the memory.

Clime of the unforgotten brave !
Whose land from plain to mountain cave
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave.

XVIII

ITALY

ITALY from Brindisi to Naples is a garden. Everything was in bloom and the fields looked as fair as art and nature could make them. "Thy very weeds are beautiful; thy wastes more rich than other climes' fertility." The Apennines make a noble backbone for the peninsula, and a grand background for many a frowning castle and smiling farm. But Italy has an Old Man of the Sea about the neck, his name is Taxation. Taxes devour everything, levied in most ingenious ways, tax following tax. An Italian lady told me that first they raised the tax on water, then they demanded that the quantity taken should be increased. Water falls in Italy, but the tax on water, never! There is a tax upon the railway ticket, and on top of that a "sur-tax." "That which the palmer worm hath left hath the locust eaten; and that which the locust hath left hath the cankerworm eaten; and that which the cankerworm hath left

hath the caterpillar eaten." Italy might be one of the richest of lands in agriculture, as she is in art, but her time is not yet.

Naples once more cast her magic spell over us, Naples that loves her matchless site so well as to be constantly getting as much as possible of that site upon her person. Naples is dirty, but gay. They can live on next to nothing and sing glees over it. They eat everything that grows on earth, and the donkeys eat everything that grows beneath the earth. The stable feed of the city is roots.

The bay shone with all its queenly beauty, when we steamed down to the rocks of Capri. Capri forms one of the protecting barriers of the bay. The diver is on hand ready to bring up coppers cast into the sea. You need not fear that the money will be lost; in spite of his tardy start and seeming deliberation, he invariably returns, like Peter's fish, with the coin in his mouth. Capri is beautiful in itself, but its famous feature is the "Blue Grotto." This is a cave which is entered at the sea level, and then only in still water. The entrance is very narrow and low, so that passengers need to lie down in the bottom of the boat. But being in, the spectator sees one of the sights of his life. The water is all blue, like the pavement of sapphire, "as the body of heaven in his clearness." It has a phosphorescent effect, also, so that everything breaking the sur-

face looks like molten silver seen through blue glass. Boys are wont to dive for visitors in order to enhance the effect. One placing the palm beneath the water reminded us of the title, "Otto of the Silver Hand." The same is a parable, and teaches us that all the blues in life may have their silver lining.

We spent the night at Sorrento. It is considered one of the Edens of earth; flavored with a spice of Athens; for, while it is a bower of roses set by the sea, it is also the home of literature and romance. Here Torquato Tasso was born, here Lamartine found his Graziella, here was the scene of "Agnes of Sorrento," and here Marion Crawford has written many of his books. It is a rare delight to sit out on the cliff, enjoying the scent of the rose, the murmur of the sea beneath, the stars in the Italian sky above, and old Vesuvius occasionally belching his lurid flame,

"Earth's great heart in palpitation,
Lava blood in circulation!"

The day following we drove for fifteen miles to Pompeii upon a highway built on the edge of the cliff, protected from its precipice by a low stone wall. On the right side crags, castles, and courts; on the left side shrubbery, scenery, the sea; on both sides inspiration!

A cat may look at a king, and so may an American. The King in question was the Sovereign of Italy. It was a great spectacle. Their Majesties came to town in order to open an Hygienic Exposition, and all Naples went forth to welcome them. Humbert is popular in the city, for here he laid his crown aside, girded himself with a towel and did wash the hands and feet of the plague-stricken. Royalty never endears itself so well to its people as where it illustrates in a practical way the motto of the Prince of Wales, "*Ich dien.*" My niece, the wife of an Italian officer, and I drove literally "from pillar to post," in the vain attempt to get a stand. At every point we were waived imperiously away, for O! it gives a man on a police force or a head waiter in a busy restaurant such exquisite pleasure to be "dress'd in a little brief authority." At length we found a stand near the palace. The crowd was a great study. It was of all ages and ranks, all eager, all satisfied, for all felt that there was enough of the king to go around. We had a long wait, for kings belong to "the leisure class," and must not be hurried. It is not always true, it seems, that "the King's business requireth haste." King Umberto and Queen Margherita, at length, drove by. The king inherits a moustache from his father that is "fierce as ten furies," but, as a matter of fact, he is a very mild and humane man. His

eyes rove from side to side, as if he were on the outlook for an assassin. The queen is noted for her smile, and bows with a grace that turns the heart of Italy from brooding over taxes to hurrahing for the house of Savoy. After a while the royal party reappeared from the interior, coming out upon the balcony facing the square. But not for long, mind you, for royalty knows better than to cheapen itself. The king business has to many people a great glamor, but his is not a life to be envied by any American sovereign.

Since writing the above paragraph in the original journal, the civilized world has been shocked by the assassination of the King of Italy. It is a disgrace to America that the plot was conceived on American shores. Humbert was a man who deserved better of his generation than a sharpened knife. Our suspicion as to the reason of his roving eyes was probably correct; he had a presentiment of lurking danger and "coming events cast their shadows before." His reign is over; a new one has begun. The king is dead; long live the king!

XIX

ROME

WE left old Vesuvius in the act, as one member of our party expressed it, "of gargling his throat with a swallow of hot lava," and turned northward. We entered the Eternal City one glorious Italian day and immediately drove around it. It is a place of four hundred thousand people, and is important as being, since 1871, the capital of the kingdom. Its importance historically, artistically, ecclesiastically, cannot be measured. For Rome is in a class by itself. Modern Rome has wide streets in the newer portion, well paved and electrically lighted. The shops are extensive and attractive. I do not know of any place in Europe where general goods are as cheap, or where beautiful things are so many and varied. The very business signs are noteworthy for their artistic quality, usually made of glass with a black background. The streets are full of traffic and of a vast throng of sight-seers. We are here in the

height of the season, and, in addition, it is Holy Year, when the Pope receives a special visitation of pilgrims from all over the world. Many a banner of strange device has been brought here to be blessed by His Holiness, including some from North and South America.

The seven hills of Rome are still traceable, but the wear of ages and the engineering of modern street-makers have despoiled them of their prominence. The yellow Tiber still winds gracefully through the city, but its volume is greatly diminished, owing to the levelling of forests, and to-day it looks not larger than the Harlem, not as wide as the Connecticut. Its hue is muddier than the Mississippi's at St. Louis, being more of a slate color than yellow. It contains nothing but small boats, though in the time of Cæsar the vessels of the Mediterranean used to unload at the city wharves. Malaria still infests the city, in parts, but has never invaded the Quirinal Hill, where our hotel is situated. The old and the new blend wonderfully in Rome, all kinds of old, all kinds of new. The age of the Sabines and of the Cæsars, the age of the Decline and Fall, the ages of the two hundred and sixty-three popes, the age of art and literature, and with them, too, the age of modern Italy and of the Roman Catholic Church of our time. You go into the splendid chapel commemorative of Pius Ninth,

and you are at once reminded that the arteries of Rome run into all parts of the world. For upon the walls are placed tiles bearing name after name of American cities not fifty years old. Rome is a city full of reminiscences, classical, mediæval, modern. One issues from its portals, as a traveller expressed it, "feeling as if George Washington and Benjamin Franklin were boys of yesterday." It is not my purpose to give an extended account of Rome, or even of the impression its treasures stamped upon my mind. The task is beyond the scope of this modest volume. The bare mention of places and objects visited, without any comment on them, fill five pages of my note-book. I mention a few sample sights and experiences only.

The church of St. Peter's is impressive in the extreme, although its vastness does not appeal to the spectator at first; the dimensions are so well proportioned that the eye is misled. The great dome is one hundred and thirty-eight feet across, but one finds it difficult to believe that it is more than fifty. The floor space is said to contain eighteen thousand square yards; the next largest church in the world having but ten thousand, yet it is cut up so by massive columns and recesses that it is never seen in one field of vision. The roof is a mass of gold and decoration, but contains no such treasures in fresco as many other churches. There are

endless statues and tombs of saints, many of the figures being in violent action and with wrought-up expressions, lacking entirely the repose of Greek art. There was much hammering while I was there, owing to the erection of booths for coming fêtes, which detracted much from the solemnity of the place. But, as being the central church of Roman Catholic Christendom, St. Peter's is wonderfully impressive.

A more beautiful interior was that of St. Paul's Without the Walls, a vast church full of frescoes, mosaics, and carved work, whose "cohorts were gleaming with purple and gold." I asked the company what adjective would best describe it, and we settled upon the word "splendid." Not in the school-girl sense of the word, but as derived from the old Roman "*splendidus*," "sun-shine-like."

The Catacombs were of extraordinary interest, full of symbols of the Christian faith, the lamb and the Shepherd, the fish, the loaves and fishes to set forth the Communion, and, strange to say, the whale and Jonah, to set forth the Resurrection!

The Forum, also, is full of memories and engages the deepest attention. It lies in a vale between the Palatine and Quirinal Hills. Originally it was marshy, but was subsequently drained. The Sabines dwelt on the Quirinal, the Latins on the Palatine, while the territory between became their trad-

ing place. Here was the scene of the carrying off of the Sabine women. Afterward this spot became the meeting place for all Rome. The Senate, the populace met here, and great pages of history were enacted under its marbles. One of our party stood upon the little rostrum where Marc Antony made his captivating address over the dead body of Cæsar. A companion snapped a picture of him standing thus on forbidden ground. A guard came by just as he leaped over the fence and stared hard and suspiciously at him. But he calmly gazed up into the sky, as if he were trying to think of a word, and assumed the expression of St. Cecilia.

“And what shall I more say? for the time would fail me to tell” of the Vatican treasures, of the sibyls and angels of Raphael, of the carved stone and frescoes of Angelo, of the mosaics that combine infinite patience with matchless skill. O the wonder, the beauty, the stones that are here!

No visit to Rome is complete without seeing its central figure, the Pope. Leo XIII is the two hundred and sixty-third pope of the Roman Catholic Church, and as such is styled the Bishop of Rome, Vicar of Christ, Successor of the Prince of Apostles, Highest Prelate of the Universal Church, Patriarch of the Occident, Primate of Italy, Metropolitan Archbishop of the Roman Province, and Sovereign of the Temporal Dominions of the Holy Roman

Church. Furthermore, he calls himself, for political reasons, "the prisoner of the Vatican," refusing to acknowledge the sovereignty of the kingdom of Italy, and, with dignified consistency, refusing to touch the stipend accorded him by the government. The only opportunity open to us for seeing him was in connection with the reception of a pilgrim party in St. Peter's. In company with some fifteen thousand others, we went into the stately interior of the great church and waited for his arrival. We all stood up, with the exception of a few dignitaries who occupied "the seats of the mighty." It was a two hours' test of patience. At last, however, excitement began to kindle in one end of the great pavement and expectation was on tiptoe. First came a large number of robed and vested priests, then an army of banners representing societies from near and far. Last of all came the Pope himself, all in white, borne upon the shoulders of his servants, on a frame containing a kind of throne. Occasionally he half-rose and gave the pontifical benediction, by extending the two fingers of his right hand. The Pope is a very aged man; he had just celebrated his ninetieth birthday on the 2d of March, and looked his full age. The old man's hand trembled visibly on the arm of the throne as it passed within a few feet of my eyes. His usual benevolent smile, which is the characteristic of his

countenance, was lacking, and he looked as if the occasion demanded and was receiving all his strength. But no man, however aged, could be insensible to the devotion and acclaim that greeted the pontiff from all parts of the great concourse, swelling into a roar as he approached nearer. Many were the cheers of "*Viva il Pápa!*" "*Viva il Re!*" The enthusiasm was unmistakable and contagious, for that venerable figure represented to many millions the embodiment of heaven's rule upon earth. The Pope and a Protestant minister differ, and can agree to differ, as to the nature of his mission in the world; but, apart from the theological separatrix, I felt myself in sympathy, as a man, with the respect which his amiable character inspired. Nor did I detract anything from the loyalty, tear-eyed, and broken-voiced loyalty, which he enjoyed on that occasion; and as Leo the XIIIth had given me his benediction, I gave him mine in return.

XX

FLORENCE AND MILAN

FLORENCE is the art-lover's Paradise, as it is also The Lily of the Arno. The mountains hover about it as if to guard a treasure, and the yellow Arno picks her way daintily through it, as if reluctant to glide past a garden of Eden. History and romance have made their home here. In the square, where traffic is now so heedless, a solemn hush once fell upon an awe-stricken multitude, when Savonarola, the Reformer before the Reformation, was burned for being so right in an age that was itself so wrong. In yonder little chapel Michael Angelo had his nose broken by a fellow-student in a quarrel, and what was written on his visage *was* written. Angelo could make an angel's face, but could not make a human nose. There, too, is the Ponte Vecchio, where Tito Melema was represented as leaping into the Arno, escaping from the Assassins only to fall into the fateful hands of Baldassarre, the inexorable. "As

if a man did flee from a lion, and a bear met him: or went into the house and leaned his hand on the wall, and a serpent bit him."

The arts have taken root in Florence as nowhere else in the world; they flourish like the green-bay tree and bear twelve manner of fruits to the pleasing of nations. In the Pitti Palace, for example, is a small collection of only five hundred paintings, no one of which is less than a gem, and some of which are counted among the Kohinoors and Orloffs of art. In the Uffizi Palace are still more. What a constellation of multifarious genius has concentrated on this single city! With its fortunes are linked the names of Dante, Petrarch, Alfieri, Angelo, Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, "the faultless painter," Giotto; while in other fields of human achievement are counted Lorenzo de Medici, Galileo, Da Vinci, Macchiavelli, "the star called Wormwood," and Savonarola, "the angel standing in the sun."

Milan is the financial capital of Italy and the most prosperous city in the kingdom. Here in *La Scala* many of the great operas have been produced, backed by the capital necessary for their setting. Industries as well as banks find their homes in this northern metropolis. But it is not the vault or the cogged wheel that makes Milan famous; it is the chisel. For here is "the poem in stone," the Cathe-

dral of Milan, the eighth wonder of the world. Its greatness lies not in its size, though it is second only to St. Peter's, nor in its general design. There are other Gothic churches. But it is the bewildering perfection of its multitudinous details. I passed into the dim religious light of the great interior, gauged its vaulted roof and massive columns, looked upon one after another of its giant windows, whose stained glass contained, not a picture here and there, but each of them one hundred and twelve Biblical scenes by count. Then I climbed the towers and walked upon the solid stone of the roof. There before me appeared a forest of flying arches and curved abutments; spires and pinnacles cut the skyline like a grove, each one of them a series of ascending stories, containing countless niches, each niche sheltering a saint, decreasing in number and size, as the eye followed it skyward, the intervals filled with carved lace-work, the whole crowned with some saintly figure still pointing upward into the blue. Nor do I expect to see the like of that wonder till I see the City whose stones begin with jasper and end with amethyst.

In leaving Italy behind me, I am impelled to say something on art. Many Americans approach the subject gingerly and with a secret misgiving as to their really "getting anything out of it." The enjoyment of art does not depend upon, though it is

doubtless enhanced by, technical training. Nobody has to go to college in order to enjoy the sunset or to find delight in the Sistine Madonna. The appreciation of fine things is dependent on a quality within us that is sometimes called "soul." "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Without it, Europe is simply a succession of hotels; with it, it is a panorama of delights, including the "glory that was Greece, the grandeur that was Rome."

People differ as to soul. It was said of Icarus that he had come down from Olympus after supping with the Gods, and remembered only the pattern of the table-cloth. It is the same with some who have returned from Europe. After Mozart had seen the mountain, he would seat himself before his instrument, play an exquisite score and exclaim, "That is what the mountain said to me!" Another is no more affected by the mountain than if his heart were named Cephas, "which is by interpretation a stone." Ruskin thought that there was as much artistic quality born into the world to-day as ever, but that human energies were diverted into other channels by circumstance. On this principle one might explain the charge peculiarly brought against Americans, that they are lacking in soul. I do not believe it is true as to their natural susceptibility; but, living as they do where business is paramount, and art is still a luxury, their hour is not

yet come. America is not an Undine, who had no soul: she is a Sleeping Princess. The future chronicler will yet describe a magic awakening: and it will then be said, The Princess rose, the Palace stirred,

“And sixty feet the fountain leapt.”

Sometimes the boiling spring of artistic enthusiasm boils over. I met a bevy of girls in the Vatican, who raved over the Apollo Belvidere just seen, and raved in italics. But, to their confusion of face, it turned out to be another man! They were not the only ones who had their ecstasies in the wrong place. “This is not the tomb of Washington,” said the gardener to the lady in tears, “his tomb is over yonder; this is the ice-house.” Somehow to find that it is the ice-house gives one a chill.

If asked what would help a traveller to cultivate soul, I would venture to mention two things. One of them is an educated guide. What one needs in Europe is not a courier or factotum, but a gentleman of cultivated taste. A dragoman cannot be that. The one we had in Baalbec spoke several languages, and English fluently. He turned out to be a rug buyer for a Chicago firm; but knew no more about history and architecture than a hen does about dentistry. Although Mr. Cranch contends that

Soul to soul can never teach
What unto itself is taught,

I doubt it. I believe to a certain extent in the transmigration of souls, that is, in the power of one earnest and enthusiastic nature to impart itself to others. When, in his novitiate, one enters a gallery it seems to him like Jericho of old, "straitly shut up." He says with David, "Who will lead me into the strong city?" Well, Bædeker will do something for you, by virtue of eye-strain and much study, that is a weariness to the flesh; but a cultured conductor will do more, will introduce us to more delights in half an hour than we would find out for ourselves, "from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve, a summer's day."

And now I am going to make bold to mention another help. And I will do so under the maxim of "Keep thy *heart* with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." Such issues as deep feeling, reverence, nobility of thought, are not produced by letters of credit in four figures, nor by high-sounding hotels, though they are called, as in Naples, "The Grand Splendid." Outward circumstances have little to do with "spirits touched to fine issues." When a person born and blessed with "a New England conscience" goes about Italy breaking the Fourth Commandment as badly as Moses broke the Ten, gives his religion a vacation from Sandy Hook to Sandy Hook, he is apt to suffer from it. A troubled conscience is not a good travelling companion. It accounts for some of the disappoint-

ment experienced by certain tourists. But more than that, in going forth to see the heavenliest, most inspiring things in the world, it is not sensible to begin by laying away in a napkin the highest and most sensitive part of our being, the religious nature. This statement, I am aware, comes dangerously near to preaching, but it is the plain unvarnished truth! In fine, I would amend the proverb of St. Ambrose so as to read for every American Christian,

Do in Rome
As you would at home.

XXI

TRAVELLING ACROSS EUROPE

MY flight took me northward still, through the mountains and lakes of Switzerland. It is the land of giant heights and glaciers; the land, also, of William Tell and liberty. On that spot he shot the apple, on this he leaped from the tyrant's boat, where is now reared a memorial chapel. It is the land, also, of Billy the goat, and of Silly the kid, both of whom are now disporting themselves in a back yard containing fifty cents worth of grass, upheld by a stone wall worth five hundred dollars.

The Swiss are great engineers and stone-masons. They will cut a stone where we would scarcely cut a stick. Everywhere the posts by the wayside were of hewn stone. Their roads are models. The Swiss seem to have heard and adopted Napoleon's dictum, "Gentlemen, there shall be no Alps." The Alps do not trouble them at all. They can find a way or make one, where a chamois would give it up. One

of their great highways is the St. Gotthard. This is the same name as Goddard, but the American branch has never been sainted. The route contains scores of tunnels, the longest of which is nine miles in length. It took our train seventeen minutes to run through it. The tunnel passes under a village a thousand feet above it, and under a mountain-lake three thousand feet overhead. It is twenty-six feet wide, twenty high, and cost twelve million dollars to build. The most remarkable feature of the route is the occurrence of spiral tunnels, which run into the heart of a mountain, turn about and emerge at the same place only higher. This parable teaches that it is worth while going a great ways around for the sake of getting a little nearer heaven.

At five o'clock we rolled into the small but beautiful city of Lucerne. It lies on the Lake of the Four Cantons over against Mount Pilatus, where, legend asserts, the ex-governor of Judea committed suicide. On a huge rock in the heart of the city Thorwaldsen has carved a magnificent lion. He is represented in the article of death, a spear protruding from his side. It is a memorial of the Swiss Guard, who, while heroically defending their trust, were killed to a man, at the storming of the Tuileries in 1792. The town is well built and has a thrifty air. The very trolley cars are works of art, being handsomely tinted in white and blue. As to

Swiss hotels, they are famous the world over for exquisite neatness and daintiness of fare. Every traveller in Switzerland is like Kubla Khan,

“For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.”

However, this very rarity emphasizes a general experience in European travel that needs to be remembered. The way through the Continent is no primrose path of dalliance. As a rule, trains do not run on schedule time, compartments are frequently full before you approach, and are constantly presenting that arithmetical poser, “Ten into eight you can’t.” Baggage, or “*bagages*,” as they call it, is continually losing itself more effectually than the “Babes in the Wood.” Landlords, like the King in Hamlet, “can smile and smile, and be a villain.” Guides are very wont to exhibit a camel of promise to a gnat of performance. Consequently, philosophy is to the average traveller a more useful article than an umbrella in Scotland. No tourist should ever be, as the Greek professor would say, “anarthrous, that is, without the article.” As an instance of “the real article,” I met a jolly Englishman on top of a stage-coach.

“How are you doing to-day?” inquired his friend. “First-rate,” responded His Heartiness.

“Thought I saw you limping this morning.”

"Yes, you did. Got a blister on my right foot this morning; but got another one on my left this afternoon; so *now* I am all right."

Nevertheless, there is never sufficient philosophy in a party to go around. It is noticeable that a man may be a Ph.D., and yet not have philosophy enough to eat a cold meal without heat. On the other hand, I have known a man to be cheated in getting change for a coin (which always tries the mettle of a man), cheated out of half a shilling, mind you, and, instead of grumbling, he would "sing a song of sixpence." Dickens might call it "the carol philosophy." I met, once, a Doctor of Divinity, who had travelled from Land's End to the jumping-off place. His grumbling made everybody miserable who came within the sphere of his influence, while his very smile was enough to turn the milk of human kindness into bonnyclabber. In contrast with His Reverence, I saw a young woman on the English Channel, the sea running high, the wind half a gale, her digestion in active rebellion; but she tied her hat upon her head with a double-bow knot, faced the elements like Storm King, and held her position on deck like the Guards at Waterloo.

The next day after Lucerne I took a still longer flight of twenty hours northwesterly, bade good-by to the peaks of Switzerland, crossed the frontier,

where I was searched for brandy and diamonds, passed Belfort, the strongest of French strongholds, sped over fields of knee-high grain and through orchards all a-bloom, and finally entered the great French capital, that had challenged all the world to "come on," promising to each comer a fair show.

XXII

PARIS THE GAY AND THE FAIR

PARIS the modern Babylon! The Athens of to-day! The city of gayety and tragedy, that draws all the world to itself for amusement, that leads all other places in the number of its suicides. It is the city of the café and the boulevard, of the perfect shrug and the perfect fit. *La Parisienne* can beat the world in dress; no one knows how, only that, like Anne of Shottery, "she hath a way." The Paris man knows how to extract the *maximum quantum* of pleasure out of the *minimum quid* of coin. It is a city "infinitely more picturesque than London," wrote Hawthorne. "Here I am caught again in this great gilded net," wrote De Amicis. It is a city that has always cast a spell over my countrymen, so that the proverb has come to be stated, "Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris."

It was my fortune to spend ten days' in the heart of the city, in a quiet hotel within an enclosed

court, near the Madeleine, and there steep myself in the life of the great capital. "Seeing life," has rather a shady meaning in these days, but I saw it, though I neither waded through the sewers of the city's vice on the one hand, nor dined with the President on the other. I saw it as a looker-on in Venice, not as an inmate of French homes.

That last word furnishes my point of departure. In the French language, "there's no place like home." Certainly this is eminently true of Paris. The Parisian's home is the street. His sofa is the cab and omnibus; his dining-room the café. If you wish to find your friend Monsieur Crapaud, do not think of knocking him up where he gets his mail, at 26½ Street of the Armed Man, but drop in at The Black Cat, or The Horn of Gold, and you will find him. He is burning incense of nicotine before a paper shrine called *Le Petit Journal*. He is sipping anon a steaming cup of the national drink, which is flanked by three rhomboids of beet sugar. About him are his neighbors, often with wives and children. They are talking politics, art, business, gossip, with tongues geared to 95, talking with eyebrows, hands and shoulders. It has been remarked that a French woman has seventeen different ways of saying "No"; but she has more ways than that of saying anything whatever with her dorsal, cervical, and sterno-cleido-mastoid muscles. The café is

brilliantly lighted, and resplendent with gilt and brass. Most likely your French friend is seated on the sidewalk in front of the café, and is enjoying the moving spectacle in the boulevard before him.

The boulevard is the characteristic of the city. It is a broad avenue, generally lined with trees. Originally we are told, it meant a "bulwark" street, or one laid out upon the site of levelled fortifications. It is now applied to any avenue, laid out, as it were, under martial law, without consultation of private right, but only of public good. The Third Napoleon had much to do with the making of these great arteries. He would spread a map of Paris before him, draw a line with his pen from point to point, and say, "Let there be a boulevard," and a boulevard was. The result is that Paris is sected and intersected with broad highways. You can go from somewhere to anywhere, without describing two legs of a triangle. The city, in consequence, is light, airy and cheerful. The odd bits of land, left by streets cut at all angles, have been made into parks and parquettes. There are in Paris countless play spots, no plague spots. The city has no slums. Even in the workman's quarter there is no Whitechapel. Paris can let New York have "Five Points," and beat her badly then.

One of the best ways to see Paris is to ride on the top of an omnibus. You go up by a winding stair and pay three cents for the privilege. The

pace is not rapid, but you see everything, hear everything, more than your note-book will begin to hold. You will see the irrepressible gayety of the nation. When Dora sang to David Copperfield her French Ballads, the prevailing impression left on the young man's mind was, "Whatever was the matter, we ought always to dance Ta-ra-la! Ta-ra-la!" That is precisely the way their spirit impresses the traveller to-day. They dance in the street; they are lively in their journeying; a French picnic is a carnival of good spirits. *Per contra*, they are as extravagantly depressed in their grief or grievance. The Frenchman is never regretful, he is "desolated"; he does not feel tired, "he can no more." His remedy for the crisis is not "grit," it is suicide. This is said to be the gist of a large class of French novels:

"Ion, I adore her!"

"Narcisse, I idolize her!"

"Ha, then we are rivals?"

"Yes, but still friends!"

"Aye, friends till death."

"Let us tell her."

They tell her.

She says :

"Let us all die!"

They buy six centimes worth of charcoal.

They ignite it.

They inhale it.

They all die.

Vive l'amour !

Paris is the city of the red flag and of the white lie. The latter is never thought of as a sin; it is a politeness. "Why mention a disagreeable truth? Better keep it out of sight with your family skeletons and poor relations." Such is French logic. Saxon readers of Victor Hugo, who has drawn some of the master characters of the world's literature, are nevertheless astonished to find that his heroes are all untruthful, and the white lie is made to contribute, as it were, a jewel to their crown. Bishop Myriel is a model of kindness and devotion, but when he takes a divine compassion on Valjean, purloiner of his silver candlesticks, he simply *lies* to the arresting officer, in order to save him. Valjean in the fifth book heroically places a hot iron on his arm, rather than betray Cosette's fortune; but, on his escape, does not hesitate to account for it by a lie. One is conscious of this national tendency all the while in Paris, not that it is any worse than English bluntness or American sordidness, but it is there. But O! they are polite! You may make more blunders in conversation than Burgoyne did in his invasion, find it harder to get out of your sentence than Captain Rose to get out of Libby Prison; but they will tell you with a smooth face that your French is *charmant* and your accent *parfait*. The white lie may leave a stain on the Frenchman's heart, but it does occasionally leave a good taste in the mouth!

The French are witty. Gallic salt is next best to Attic salt. They never need to have the point explained to them. A graduate of the Conservatoire told me that a French audience is very responsive, that one who has ever played or sang before them is like a tiger who has once tasted human blood, never satisfied with any other thereafter. The French have developed conversation, too, to its limit. The result is that French conversation is difficult to a foreigner, being full of idioms. French scientific writing, on the other hand, is exceedingly clear and simple. The reverse is true of the German, whose conversation is easy, but whose metaphysical writing is a compound of haze and maze, of Catacombs and Gordian Knots.

With the art and architecture of Paris I am not now to deal. Any one can duplicate my mornings in the Louvre or afternoons in the Bastille and other monuments of history, by consulting Bædeker or by following the Hare (Augustus, J. C.), in his Walks in Paris.

The peculiar feature of this year of grace (1900) in Paris was The Fair. It was to be the *fin-de-siècle* cap-sheaf, the pull-all-together of the French nation. Newspapers and parties agreed to bury the hatchet until it was over. It was to be the crowning feature of French glory, for which the nation made ready by modestly appropriating sixty-five per cent. of the entire space. Paris bonded itself for

its financing, and removed mountains for its enlargement. At least, the city tore down and moved away whole blocks to make room for the display. It was to be the sixteenth exposition of the century, the last, the best. Our own government appropriated \$1,200,000; and I judge that Germany and Russia appropriated as much more. The city had the prestige of great previous successes. It lay near the great art centres of Europe, and tributary to dense centres of population. Nevertheless, though the vast undertaking will not be written down a failure, it cannot be written down a popular success. When I saw it, the daily attendance was under a hundred thousand at eleven cents a ticket; when I saw the White City, the attendance hovered around half a million at fifty cents a head.

In point of display, the goods gathered and articles set forth, the Exposition of 1900 certainly surpassed all that had gone before. It was a revelation of unsuspected manufacture to me, indeed, that Russia should bear the palm in pianos and musical instruments, that Germany should crowd America for first place in electrical appliances. But mere bulk of catalogue does not impress the mind. If one can see only a hundred thousand things in a given time, it makes no difference after that whether the list includes five millions or ten. While the specialist undoubtedly noted a great ad-

vance in his field in the exhibit of 1900 over that of 1893, I doubt if the *tout ensemble* impressed the general observer in any such degree as Chicago.

The space itself was far less appropriate. It was a narrow ribbon of ground along the banks of the Seine, with irregular enlargements here and there. There were but few imposing buildings, as compared with the White City's many. There was no opportunity for landscape gardening, for lawn and shrubbery, for that magnificent Court of Honor; above all, there was no majestic Lake Michigan, flanking the creation of man with the creation of God. The Street of Nations had a huddled appearance; the United States' Building was within a fishing pole's length of its neighbor. The architecture did not impress itself upon eye and memory as did that splendid collection at Chicago. The White City has established a record which the world will be long in breaking.

Several factors contributed to make the Exposition flag. A protracted strike set the building back a half year. This incompleteness checked the influx of visitors at the start, and thereby the Fair lost its best advertisement. The visitor who goes home and tells the neighborhood about it makes ten men go where but one went before. The African and China wars also distracted public attention, most people being incapable of attend-

ing to but one sensation at a time. Then it was "bad politics" to offend Great Britain at this juncture. Usually the British are great sight-seers, but it was considered bad form this year to accept hospitality from a nation that had caricatured Her Majesty the Queen. Further, the Exposition had to pay the penalty of the Dreyfus incident. The Jew is no more popular in other countries than in France, but justice is justice the world over, and the want of it is resented by all races. Finally, the Exposition was, above all events I have ever experienced, a "pleasure exertion." One could not go about from place to place without vexatious delays and constant expense. The Seine boats were the only real convenience. The Moving Platform was more like a toy than an aid, and circumscribed a very limited circle, half of which was outside the grounds. Mr. Weller once remarked, "No charge for sitting down, as the king said after blowing his ministers up." This may have been a pleasantry in London, but it was no joke in Paris. Sitting down was expensive in the French Exposition. Mr. Twain expostulates with "That Awful German Language," because in it "*resting* is regarded as doing something." But in Paris it is worse than that, resting is paying something. If you sank upon a chair (few in number and far between), a woman promptly presented a bill; the sum was trifling, but the irrita-

tion was great. The chair business being a "*concession*," nothing was allowed to interfere with it. There was not an edge, nor a balustrade, nor a soft board anywhere on that ground, whereon a tired visitor could lean. He had to keep moving on everlastingly, reminding himself of the dove, who "found no rest for the sole of her foot." The result was that three or four ordeals were enough for the average strength. In my opinion, ten thousand free seats would have added ten million more visitors.

Howbeit, confessing its imperfections in an imperfect world, the Exposition was none the less a great event. If the Londoner was not there, the Berliner was. Germany is making a great push for the world's markets, and uses the international expositions to extend her trade. She is out for business; she is there for ideas; she gets both. The Russian was there, too, holding his own surprisingly in the march of civilization. The American was there, also, with all his enterprise, printing a large daily paper with cables and telegrams, giving it away as a souvenir, and all for the sake of advertisement only. It was an American who, being given a space among trees that could not be deported, built a house *around them*, encasing the trunks as pillars, the foliage appearing over the glass roof, a "House of the Forest of Lebanon," a wonderful exhibit in

itself of the triumph of ingenuity over circumstances. In the field of mechanics he was easily first, and, as in the yacht race, "There is no second, Your Majesty." Above all, France was there, with all her five wits and ten fingers, showing her skill matchless, her taste faultless, her fabrics countless.

Of individual features of the Fair some will mention the Eiffel Tower, the beautiful Alexander Bridge, the stylish Dame representing the City of Paris, and her Gallic Cock making a pun upon the national name. Old Paris was a great attraction, and the fine arts were a wonderful display, wherein lay an agreeable surprise, the creditable exhibit of American painting. But, as these and other items, are more usually referred to, I will mention an exhibit in the City of Paris Building that was remarkable in its own way. Readers of *Les Misérables* will remember a chapter entitled "The Earth Impoverished by the Sea." It begins in the true Hugonian style as follows:

"Paris casts twenty-five millions of francs
annually into the sea.
How so and in what way ?
By day and night.
For what object ?
For no object.
With what thought ?
Without thinking.
What to do ?

Nothing.

By means of what organ ?

Its sewers."

Hugo then goes on to give a wonderful history of that great under-world, and makes it the scene of his most striking chapter. Now in respect to this feature of the older city, the modern Parisian might use his own proverb, "*Nous avons changé tout cela.*" In the Paris Building was a notable model of the sewer system and of its chemical disposal, down to the distribution of its product among blooming fields. It showed how the refuse of the city makes a revenue for it, showed the transformation of wealth from waste, of beauty from ashes, of verdure from ordure, of the Garden of Eden from the Valley of Hinnom.

If asked to name the most impressive object in Paris, I should not mention the Venus de Milo, nor the *Salon Carré*, "the most beautiful room in the world," nor the Bastille, nor the graves of Abelard and Héloïse, I should unhesitatingly name the Tomb of Napoleon. There the French voice is hushed, the soldier of the legion and the little child are alike awed. It is not, I think, because his name is associated with the great days of a great people, not because the Napoleonic spell is still unbroken, not because the Frenchman has to look through the mist of Sedan to see the glory of Jena. It is mainly due, I believe, to an irresistible appeal to the universal

heart that is felt there, a touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. He lies there in a majestic sarcophagus, surrounded by his marshals. A simple inscription from his will is carved upon it, and in that single sentence, that "Napoleonic legend," is found the secret of the peculiar impressiveness. The beholder is conscious of a thought passing through his mind, something like this: "Here lies the man who wrote his name above kings; the iron man; who made a highway through forts and battle-fields unto all the capitals of Europe; carpeted that highway with captured flags and trampled constitutions; but when he came to the end of ambition, he found his heart turning to his own home and to his own neighbors." Like the Shunammite of old, who would not be spoken for to the king nor to the captain of the host; "I dwell among mine own people." There is no happiness higher than to be among those who love you. In the "Napoleonic legend," cut above the tomb, one hears both the note of the Shunammite and of John Howard Payne,

"JE DESIRE QUE MES CENDRES REPOSENT
SUR LES BORDS DE LA SEINE AU MILIEU
DE CE PEUPLE FRANCAIS QUE J'AI TANT AIME."

XXIII

ENGLAND

THE twenty-three miles of turbulent water that separates England from the Continent, form the most important space on the map of the globe. But for that little interval, there would have been no distinct nationality, no English language and character, no United States of America. England would have been a Denmark; her history the "history of a province." Salt-water has been the preservative of the British island.

It is a great relief to get away from a situation where your Italian tongue is dependent largely upon your American "cheek," where your French is "after the scold of Stratford-atte-Bowe," and where your polite, but impatient foreigner looks as if ready to say, with the Irish judge to the prisoner, "We want nothing from you but silence, and very little of that." Yes, a traveller landing in England feels very much like a dumb man restored to speech. On this account, when an American comes into the

neighborhood of Greenwich, he takes an observation; it is a linguistic one. He observes that nobody ever assumes such liberties with the English tongue as the English do, beginning with the word English itself, which they spell with an E and pronounce with an I. London is Lunnon, Cheltenham is Cheltnum, Magdalen is Maudlin, Cholmondeley is Chumley; while if you ask a Londoner to spell "maroon," he will say that it contains "a hem and a hay and a hare, two hoes and a hen." Many Britons have dispensed with the words good and bad; in common parlance, a fine play is a "blooming" play, its opposite is a "bloody" play. Extravagance and superlatives are not confined to America. I saw extensively advertised a certain "Millennium flour," and in classic Oxford, I noted this euphuism, "Even as the sun dazzles the eye, so do the merits of Belton's tires astound the imagination." Englishmen's voices are throaty, sound as if their collars were too tight; but the ladies' voices are distinct and flute-like.

Another observation an American soon makes is, that he is no longer in a republic. He is where one class differs from another class in glory. Not that Britons are generally restive under it. "All Englishmen love a lord," is a proverb. No building can be dedicated, no banquet properly digested, unless "his lordship" is in the chief place. In just

one spot, however, the yoke chafes. It is in religion. The Dissenters find it hard to be patronized; they have to go softly before the Establishment. Robert Browning, with some misgiving, felt it to be his duty to acknowledge to Elizabeth Barrett that he belonged to the Congregationalists. The feeling toward Dissent is constantly showing itself in odd ways. In one of Baring-Gould's stories, two lovers had a coolness, during whose continuance the girl attended chapel and was converted, whereupon the squire adds, "The week after there came a quack female dentist to Tavistock, and I went and had one of my back teeth out. . . . I let her understand that if she chose to be revived by Chapel-ites, I'd have my teeth drawn by quacks. I'd stand none of her nonsense." But, on the whole, Dissent is stronger for being without State patronage; the "Non-conformist conscience" is increasingly a factor in British politics; the day when rural England was humorously said to be composed of "hierarchy and squirearchy" is passing; and to-day many devout Churchmen are ready to welcome the inevitable coming of disestablishment and the placing of the great Church of England on the same footing as their nobly independent off-spring, the Protestant Episcopal Church of America.

The most pleasing feature of the class system in England is royalty. Liberals vie with Conserva-

tives in voting generous bounties to the seed-royal, and all ranks show them enthusiastic loyalty. The Queen is universally beloved. I overheard a wash-woman in the streets of Cambridge say, after the relief of Mafeking, "Well, the Queen, dear lady, will be so glad to hear this!" It touched me, to think that this humble woman's first thought was for the heart of her Sovereign. The Prince of Wales is very popular, enjoying the full sense of that left-handed compliment, "With all thy faults I love thee still." The Princess is more than popular; she creates enthusiasm. At an exhibit I saw, made by a "lightning artist" in London, the profile of that fair Danish face was instantly recognized and greeted with hand and voice. They like to talk and read about the royal family. The "Court Circular," containing their doings, is religiously scanned every day. An Oxford man informed me at length and with fervor on the subject, stating, among other things, that the proper address for the Prince was "Sir," and for the Queen, "Madam." It is related that two little girls, while playing in a park, unexpectedly met Her Majesty, and, being ignorant of court etiquette, fell back on Scriptural knowledge, saying, "O Queen, live for ever!" This greatly pleased and amused Her Majesty. They are fond of pet names in the royal family. The Duke of Fife is called "Macduff,"

the Duchess, being very retiring, is called "Her Royal Shyness," the little Prince Edward of York is known as "the New Boy," the Princess Patricia of Connaught, born on St. Patrick's day, is affectionately called "Paddy." The Prince and Princess of Wales are in constant demand for fairs, bazaars, dedications and other public functions. A fair held for the English soldiers was in progress, while I was in London, which event was made a society success by the presence, contributions, and liberal purchases of the Princess. The Prince is a neat and effective public speaker; the Princess is a winsome soul. A pleasant illustration of this is told of her. She was attending a dairy exhibit, and remarked to the manager, "I have always heard that the best butter comes from Denmark. Is it true?" The manager hesitated a moment, then said, "No, your Highness, Denmark sends us the best princesses, but the best butter comes from Devonshire." This is perhaps a case where the Psalmist would say, "his words were smoother than butter."

Addendum.—While this book is in the press, the Queen has passed from the Kingdom of England to the Kingdom of Heaven, and I cannot forbear to lay my tribute on her honored tomb. From the moment when they told the child of ten years

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old the forecast of her life, and she held up her little hand to say, "I will be good!" she has justified the promise. A Sovereign of England reigns, not rules; her sphere is limited, but "She hath done what she could." She has worn victoriously the triple crown of woman, wife and sovereign, "the queenliest of women and the womanliest of queens."

XXIV

CATHEDRALS AND UNIVERSITIES

CATHEDRAL means a "place for sitting down," and is applied originally to the bishop's bench or throne. That which made a church into a cathedral was not its size (there are many churches in England larger than the cathedral in Oxford), but the episcopal residence. It is all a part of the ecclesiastical idea which makes everything centre about His Grace, the Bishop. According to their vocabulary a bishop is "wedded to his see," a relation symbolized by the bishop's ring; if he die, the see is said to be "widowed." The difference between Old England and New England seems to be this, they speak of their minister as married to his charge, with us he is merely engaged. But to return to the cathedral, it is like the person of David; "goodly to look to," it is like the king's daughter, "all glorious within." There is something wonderfully inspiring in those forms of grace and beauty wrought out in the intractable stone, or in those interiors of wood

and stained glass, like the appearance of a rainbow seen through an oak.

Whether the cathedral accomplishes its function of incitement to worship, is not clear. I attended a service at Winchester one beautiful Friday morning. A vested choir of forty sang and counter-sang in antiphonal beauty. A brilliantly robed ecclesiast read the Psalms in a tone that is heard neither in heaven above nor in earth beneath. He was escorted to the lectern and back again to his seat by a vested figure armed with a holy mace, possibly to prevent people from mobbing him *en route* for speaking to us in that tone of voice. We had collects sung and collects intoned, accompanied by a magnificent organ, the whole service enclosed behind screens of exquisitely carved wood, a wonder of music and beauty. Now, how many did that majestic service draw in its train, think you? The answer reminds one of the fisherman's response to the query, "How many have you caught?" "Well, if I get the one I'm after and one more, I shall have two." Besides the sexton, there were just two of us. Probably that was an exceptional day, and doubtless the cathedral has upon occasions its thousands. In any wise, we all admit that the cathedral has a mission of its own, and that the mere association of so magnificent an edifice with the worship of God is uplifting to all parts of the religious life.

Of the several cathedrals that I saw, Peterboro', Ely, Winchester, St. Paul's, Oxford, Salisbury, the noblest far was the last. It is "the most perfect monument of mediæval Christianity in England." It is not blackened by smoke as is St. Paul's. Salisbury meets the usual condition of the English cathedral in being situated in a small town. It is not one of the attractions of the place; it makes the place. Two facts stamp themselves upon the beholder at once. The first is the spire, not alone for its height, the tallest in England, but for its incomparable grace. It is the finger of the church pointing toward the home of the soul. The other striking feature of Salisbury Cathedral is "The Close," the green lawn with tree-girt paths. In some cases you cannot "walk round about Zion;" there is no room anywhere to get a good view of the Regensburger Dom, for example. Cologne Cathedral, too, is grievously encroached upon by shops and alleys. But Salisbury allows you a perfect perspective. You can see it across billowy lawns or through interlacing trees, that duplicate its Gothic arches. You can watch its shadows steal over the sward, and at every angle contrast its gray sky-line with the fleecy cloud. That Close is ever the "haven of religious calm" in the midst of a workaday world.

Every reader of "Tom Brown" longs to see something of English school and 'Varsity life.

Eton, Harrow, and Winchester are the three great schools, the last two of which I saw. Harrow, half an hour's ride from London, is set upon a hill, with glorious views of English landscape around it. Here I first saw the English schoolboy with shining morning face. He was dressed like hundreds of his companions in the "Eton jacket" and white straw hat. The dress is not obligatory, but he is in the land where it is easier to storm a masked battery than to fly in the face of a precedent. Their athletic fields are exceedingly attractive. They are elaborately fitted and are calculated to induce every kind of exertion, the boy earning his happiness by the sweat of his brow. The buildings are not remarkable and the school owes much of its popularity to its athletic standing, especially to its contests with Eton. For the annual Eton-Harrow cricket match, Britons will tell you, is absorbing enough to make the sun stand still in Surrey, and the moon go not down in Middlesex, till the struggle is over.

Winchester is in the extreme south of England, a beautiful and historic old town. The school buildings are more venerable than in Harrow, while the near-by cathedral adds a dignity and charm of its own. The boys have stamped their wit upon the premises; the lavatory is called "Moab," and the place for shoe-blackening "Edom," in allusion to the Psalmist's expression, "Moab is my wash-pot; over

Edom will I cast out my shoe." The boy at Winchester may go into the cathedral, and see there stone after stone commemorative of former school-boys, who wrote their names high in the history of their country, in army life, in Parliament, in literature. He realizes that these men once kept the bridge with Horatius, as he is doing in the same Latin form now, or kept the wicket in the field, as himself and companions to-day. The silent influences of such traditions irresistibly strengthen within the boy that Nelsonian conviction, "England expects every man to do his duty." That alone, in the making of character, is worth more than the prizes of scholarship or the treasures of boyish affection.

The most English thing in England is the 'Varsity. All England annually divides upon the light blue of Cambridge and the dark blue of Oxford. There is a flavor about each place that cannot be described nor analyzed. One detects the separate ingredients of antiquity, architecture, history, literature, scholarship and personality. Brain and brawn and breeding are thrown into the mortar; muscle and mathematics are intermingled. They show you rooms where poets, statesmen and national giants grew to their strength. There is the spot where Wesley smote the rock and waters gushed out, "waters to swim in," the millions of Methodism. Yonder

is the room where Grey learned how to use adjectives in a country grave-yard. To see all those places set in the exquisite beauty of mullioned windows and carved stone, or bordered with ivy and velvet turf, or laved by the waters of the Cam and Isis that go softly, is to add a rare pleasure to deep feeling. Each university has its peculiar charm. On the one hand, nothing can exceed the "Backs" or lawns behind the colleges bordering the Cam; on the other, High Street, Oxford, is fine enough to be called "the most beautiful street in Europe."

The common type of college in each university is that of a large building enclosing a court, called the "quad," with a chapel and a dining-hall. The students are arrayed in cap and gown when on academic duty, going to lectures or attending chapel. They are powerful executives with the national weapons, the knife and fork, or with the twin relics of the wooden age, the bat and oar. I did not see the bumping races, being in advance of "Eights Week," by a fortnight, but I saw cricket in full swing. To my hotel, the Mitre, came the best known man in England. His name was not the Marquis of Salisbury, nor Sir Thomas Lipton, but Dr. W. R. Grace, the greatest cricketer of all time. Other men have run their thousands, but Grace his tens of thousands. Englishmen drop their voices in awe, when they speak of "W. R.," as he is fa-

miliarly called. A national testimonial of £15,000 was tendered him a few years ago, contributed by all cricket clubs in the realm, partly because of his matchless prowess and partly because of the high character he had given to the national game. He is a tall man, with a powerful frame, a Saul in Israel, a collegian's idol. He had brought up an eleven from London to play the University. I went over to see it during parts of two days; but, try as I would, I could develop no enthusiasm. It is not a spectators' game. There is more "ginger" in one inning of Yale baseball than in three weeks of Oxford cricket.

XXV

ENGLISH SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS

THE faces of Englishmen are calmer than ours. This is not attributable to easier circumstances, for life is more strenuous in the Mother Country; but is rightly ascribed, I think, to their climate. The sun does not smite them by day nor the moon by night. The wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, and to the lamb's owner. The "garish light of day," is not so garish with them, and the squint, the wrinkle and the crow's feet are lacking accordingly. This fact of calmness may have something to do with the charge of "English reserve," but in point of fact, said reserve, like the report of Mark Twain's death, "is greatly exaggerated." That reserve I saw broken in pieces like a potter's vessel. When the relief of Mafeking was announced, England plunged into a delirium of joy. In Cambridge a mammoth bonfire was prepared with architectural skill. It was placed in Midsummer Park, built as high as a two-

story house, garlanded and inscribed with mottoes of joy. In Oxford troops of students paraded the streets, countermarched by troops of girls. Wholesale kissing was resorted to, and seemed to give relief to the public mind! There were countless encounters between embracer and embraced, osculation and interosculatation by the shipload and the fishing smack.

Britons are passionate lovers of their island-home, and with reason. The green lanes of old England are of the kind from which there is no turning. Linnæus fell upon his knees when he beheld the gorse in blossom, and there is even greater occasion for thanksgiving when one beholds the hawthorn in bloom. Then the proverb of "homely as a hedge fence" becomes a proverb of "Solomon in all his glory." England is more of a Florida than America, and the national flower, the rose, is a revelation of splendor. The War of the Roses is over, but the triumph of the roses will never cease to be.

England is a land of lovely homes, of countless parks, of great wealth expended on a small area, of picturesque ruins beautified by that rare old plant, the ivy green. Ruskin, speaking of America, declared that he could not live in a country that had no castles. But there

The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story.

We must concede them this. America has nothing to compare with Warwick Castle, either for beauty or romantic charm. At the gate we can still seem to hear, "Up drawbridge, grooms! What, warder, ho! Let the port-cullis fall!" On the lake we can still see the swan "float double, swan and shadow." The very footman seems to have stepped out of an age "When Knighthood was in Flower." He greatly appreciated my enjoyment of the Warwick spell, and, letting down a chain, put up by the family to guard a certain room, remarked, "What the eye does not see the heart need not grieve at. Go over this bar and look at that view." The which I paid for; for this is the land of the pheasant, the fox, and the fee.

The traveller through England is constantly and delightfully reminded of numberless allusions in English literature and history. You say to yourself in Oxford, Here is where Pendennis disported himself like a prince till his credit gave out; and there is where Tom Brown's boat bumped little Oriel "in the Gut." Elsewhere you say, There is old Major Pendennis himself, going down to Lord Steyne's country house; and here is the very inn, the Hop Pole of Tewkesbury, where Mr. Pickwick drove in on his way to Birmingham with Mr. Sawyer and Sam Weller on top of the chaise. There is Tennyson's brook, as it bickers down the

valley, and there is Wordworth's primrose by the river's brim. There are "The Fens," where the Saxons made their last unsuccessful stand against their foes, and there is Lant Street in the Borough, where Mr. Bob Sawyer made *his* last unsuccessful stand against Mrs. Raddle.

I am aware that the foolish affectation of anglo-maniacs has produced a reaction in some minds against the Mother Country, and the example of certain self-expatriated Americans has added to it. But not to admire Old England for her true glories and Divinely wrought beauty would be sinning against sense and sensibility. An era of good feeling between the two nations has grown up in our day. Long may it last! We have seen hands clasped across the sea, and, though the Atlantic does its best to saturate and weaken Anglo-Saxon ties, it is, at length, demonstrated beyond peradventure that blood is thicker than water. In view of all the noble history and native loveliness of that little isle, I could paraphrase the sentiment of Lord Chatham, and say, "If I were an Englishman, as I am an American, I would never lay down my allegiance, never, *never*, NEVER!"

XXVI

THE HOME OF SHAKESPEARE

IN the heart of England lies Stratford, the Mecca of all English-speaking races. Americans are glad to learn that they furnish a larger number of pilgrims to his shrine than the home nation. They note the memorial fountain in the public square, the gift of a noble-hearted American, Mr. George W. Childs, and remark with pride that the American window in Holy Trinity Church is the finest of all. The traveller on arrival is not in any doubt of his being in Shakespeare's town. Relics and pictures of the Swan of Avon are everywhere exposed for sale, and even the sign of "The Shakespeare Stables" meets the eye. The Memorial Building on the bank of the Avon contains all known editions of his works, including some in Arabic and Hindustanee. Many places of incidental interest abound, like the house where John Harvard was born, founder of Harvard University. But the four chief places of interest are those of the poet's birth, courtship, residence and burial.

Shakespeare's birthplace, on Henley Street, has been kept in repair, and, thanks to a good constitution, is still very much as it was on that day when they came to John Shakespeare and said, "There is a man-child born into the world." It is plumb with the street line, but has a rare old garden beside and back of it, which is appropriately filled with flowers mentioned in his works. Among them are Ophelia's offerings, "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance: . . . and there is pansies, that's for thoughts." The house passed from owner to owner for three hundred years, until Mr. P. T. Barnum, in 1847, characteristically proposed to buy it and transport it to America. This roused the British spirit, and the premises are now national property. The walls are covered with signatures, some of which are familiar, as Edmund Kean, Charles Dickens, Wm. M. Thackeray, and W. Scott. A part of the interior is used for a museum of Shakespeareana. Among them I noted a "Booke of the Hundred Merry Tales," alluded to in Act 2, of "Much Ado About Nothing," and was moved to transcribe the following extract:

"Another woman there was yt kneelyd at ye mas of requiē, whyle ye corse of her husbande lay on ye here in ye chyrche. To whome a younge mā cam and spakke wpth her in her ere as thoughe it had

ben for som mater cōcernyng ye funerall, (howe be it he spakke of no suche mater but onely wotyd her yt he myght be her husbande to whom she answered and sayd thus, Syr, by my trouthe I am sory yt ye come so late, for I am sped all redy, for I was made wife yester day to another man."

Anne Hathaway's cottage is reached by a lovely walk across green fields. It is a vine-clad cottage, indeed, with an old-fashioned garden in front, from which the little maid plucked me bachelor's buttons and pinks. There is the very settle by the chimney-corner where Will and Anne watched the fire and told each other's fortunes in "the hollow down by the flare." Without is the garden seat where

"In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith."

The house is still kept by some descendant or connection of the Hathaways, and on asking her when the rush of visitors came, she answered, "From Whissuntide to the first of Hoctober, sir."

Shakespeare's life in Stratford, after he was six or seven, was mainly spent in the "New Place." On one side of it is the Guildhall, or school, where the boy got his "small Latin and less Greek;" opposite is The Falcon Inn, where he often "set the

table in a roar." In New Place he wrote his later plays and spent his happiest years. The house survived to 1757, when its owner, the Rev. Francis Gastrell, insensible to its value, and annoyed by visitors, pulled it down! Thus made he himself a third with the man who fired the temple of Ephesus and the one who destroyed the library of Alexandria. He is the best hated man of modern times. But the grounds are still laid out as Shakespeare left them, the grandson of his famous mulberry tree still blooms, and the foundations of the house are carefully boxed and exposed to view. One can still ramble thoughtfully in the enclosure, thinking of that other garden, the Eden of great minds,

"Within that circle none durst walk but he."

Holy Trinity it a beautiful old church, behind which flows the Avon. It is elm-bordered and ivy-clad. Within the chancel, indicative of the esteem in which the Bard was held, are placed the mortal remains of the immortal man. The curse that he pronounced upon the mover of his bones has been respected. Beneath the brass, within the stone, he waits the resurrection day. A bust on the wall above exhibits the grave and reverent mien of the poet, the man of hazel eyes and auburn hair, the unforgettable face. Shakespeare died, old in deeds, not years; in actions, not in figures on a dial. A

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few months before his decease he drafted his own will, and made therein his confession of faith,

“I commend my soul into the hands of God my Creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting.”

XXVII

HOMEWARD BOUND

THE beginning and ending of certain great affairs are water-marked. The Exodus was marked by the Red Sea and the Jordan, the Spanish War by Manila Bay and Santiago. As to life itself, "trailing clouds of glory do we come," and "*cras ingens iterabimus aequor*," do we go. So is it with a foreign tour. The first and last impression left on the mind is oceanic. It is not easily washed away. The Atlantic may disturb the body; it composes the mind. It is the one thing needful to give our European ideas the right perspective; they suffer a sea change and fall into order.

Of "the multitudinous seas," I may not write. Who can bring back the ocean and compress it in a drop of ink? Of sea-life itself the voyager enjoys volumes. The games on deck, the music in the cabin, the resources of the library are all entertaining. Conversation with the mate may draw out an

account of his shipwreck on the North Pacific, his boat picked up, its companion boat never heard from. He tells you how, on the last voyage, the *St. Paul* shipped a sea, carrying overboard a Swedish lady, who was never so much as sighted again. The great liner cannot be backed in a moment, and would run six miles by its own momentum alone, after the engines were stopped. Sea stories at first-hands are wonderfully vivid.

Fellow-travellers furnish each other with great entertainment. There is always a man aboard who walks the deck like the one Thackeray saw going down the Strand, and accosted with the inquiry, "Excuse me, sir, but are you anybody in particular?" There is the fault-finder, complaining of the arrangements (who does not live half so well at home), to whom you are tempted to tell the landlord's story, "A hundred and ten men have wiped on that towel, and you are the first one to complain." There is the woman who is travelling with a dog; some persons achieve discomfort, and some have discomfort thrust upon them; a woman with a dog does both. In the next depth of desperation is the person travelling with a small boy, deeply repentant now, and coming back a month earlier than planned. It reminds you of Mr. Lincoln's explanation, on returning from church before it was out, having Thad in his arms, "I entered this colt, but he kicked

around so, I had to withdraw him." Then there is the "summer girl," heaven bless her! No ship can expect any luck without her. There is a young man, too, in her company, a diplomatist, trying to arrange a secret treaty with her on the basis of including his name in "the most favored nation clause." There is ever the selfish man, who, all over Europe, has proved ingenious in ways of slipping ahead of his proper place in line, or of ousting people entitled to seats on top by climbing up some other way. But, in the long run, my friend, say the run from Southampton to New York, "Be sure your sin will find you out." After a while he discovers that nobody laughs at his jokes, he becomes acquainted with the cold shoulder, and the last state of that man is worse than the first. There is, also, Mark, the son of Tapley, "coming out strong" on rainy days, or when people have low spirits on the high seas. Humor has a great market on ship-board, for, according to Dr. Johnson, "A ship is a prison with the additional chance of your being drowned." And not on ship-board only; Mr. Beecher observed that to be without a sense of humor through life is "like travelling in a wagon without springs." It always adds to "the gayety of nations," and needs no lexicon to be understood in all languages. You may see a shipload of people of all dialects and religions hugely enjoy some humo-

rous incident and be drawn together by it. There is the affable man, too, who believes that many a "poky" meal can be poked into a blaze, and that dyspeptic conditions of travel are best treated by the pepsin of agreeable conversation. All these and many other types make up the census of that floating island, a ship at sea. It is a little world by itself, for the time being, strangely drawn together as no other experience in life can equal.

"One port, methought,
Alike they sought :
One purpose held, where'er they fare :
O bounding breeze,
O rushing seas,
At last, at last, unite them there !"

On shipboard one has time to enumerate the fruits of travel. For one thing, he has had a great Sabbath, is rested and is refreshed. He has made a better bargain than Shylock, having gained by his outlay anywhere from four to twenty pounds of flesh. He has made ten friends, which add more to his happiness than deposits in ten banks. He has seen a great deal, and, as it is said, one learns eighty times as much from the sense of sight as from all other senses combined, he has had accordingly a great education. He has a peddler's pack of souvenirs, too, which will remind him of happy

days, adorn his home, and help make conversation for all time to come with monosyllabic visitors. If he be a minister, he has a large stock of illustrations beginning with, "When I was abroad in 1900," which will eventually make many of his people wish that he would go abroad again. While some travellers' anecdotes may be, like Mrs. Leo Hunter's Ode, "all point," others remind one of that vote of thanks after the lecture, "to which we have so ably listened." There are other fruits of travel peculiar to individuals, and cherished by them for life; but there is one fruit more valuable than all others, which is common to everybody, which affects all classes, and both sexes—it is the increase of patriotism.

The feeling of national pride may often be ill-founded. It is sometimes a weakness that can easily be satirized. The most cogent reason with all of us for being an American is that given by the man who was asked why he was a bachelor, "Because I was born so." But "The Return of the Native," the native American from a European tour, is accompanied with a deep-seated conviction that his lines are cast in pleasant places, with a realization of his country's worth, and with a love for her that many waters cannot quench. America itself is an unfailing topic of conversation on homeward voyages. It is no longer a blind faith that is in him, a pagan admira-

tion that makes him say, "My country right or wrong;" it is a discriminating affection that he carries with him past Sandy Hook. He knows that Europe surpasses America in many things, in good roads, in management of cities, in plentiful holidays, and popular methods of driving dull care away, in a generally larger outlook upon the world (especially in England), in a superior sense of beauty, and a wider diffusion of art. On the other hand, he realizes that America is in advance of all nations in the respect paid womanhood, in the opportunity it gives to religion by its absolute separation from the State, in the freedom of the individual, who does not have to be *viséd*, endorsed, or passported from city to city, or expected to give an account of himself like a man out of prison on a conditional pardon. The American does not live where "the balance of power" makes impossible the balance of the treasury sheet. The armies of Europe impoverish the land, reminding him of that picture of the four men, the one above the other. On top a king, with the legend, "I reign for all;" the second, a priest with the legend, "I pray for all;" the third, a soldier, "I fight for all;" at the bottom a workman with the label, "I pay for all." The American thinks of these things abroad; thinks by contrast of a land that contains the most newspapers, the most schools, the most hospitals, the most

churches of all lands; thinks of the buoyancy and enterprise of his own nation, facing its golden age, as Madame DeStael called her, "*L'Avenir du Monde*," the Future of the World; and so, after seeing how the other half lives, returns to his own hemisphere, with the ejaculation of Webster, "Thank God, I, too, am an American!"

Meanwhile the St. Paul is profiting daily by her *vis a tergo*, the twin propellers. Every noon the bulletin-board is scanned, and the long southwesterly line is made longer upon the chart.

The run from Cherbourg, whence the distance is computed, to Sandy Hook, tabulates as follows:

To noon of	Hours, min.	Knots.	Knots per hour.
May 27.....	19.05	377	19.75
May 28.....	24.48	473	19.07
May 29.....	24.46	492	19.86
May 30.....	24.39	466	18.90
May 31.....	24.42	482	19.51
June 1.....	24.43	485	19.55
June 2 (6 A.M.)....	18.00	365	20.27

Total, 3,140 knots; 6 days, 16 hours, 43 minutes; an average of 19.60 knots for the voyage; or 22.54 land miles per hour.

At length there comes a delirious moment when the engine ceases her throbbing, and his own heart makes up for it in additional beats. He sees behind

him the Atlantic halted by the forts at the Narrows, and there are her proud waves stayed. He sees before him the majestic Hudson coming down to the Harlem with her tremendous majority. He sees the picturesque sky-line of Manhattan Island, and the moving life of that busy, roomy, cheery bay. But, best of all, he sees from many a height on sea and land the Star Spangled Banner. Always a beautiful emblem in itself, it speaks to him of a land that is fairer than day, of grand mountains and noble rivers—his own! It speaks to him of great pages in his country's history, of heroic sacrifice, of pain borne in secret, of counting not the life dear unto oneself.

“For every star in that field of blue,
And for every stripe of crimson hue,
Ten thousand of the brave and true
Have lain them down and died.”

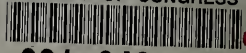
Many an eye has danced to see that banner in the sky, his own among them, but never does it appear so radiant above, never are his eyes so jubilant, so misty beneath as when, gazing on those billowy folds, the banner welcomes him with the matchless name of

“HOME!”

June 8 1861

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